THIS WEEK'S SILVER PRINT: MISS MIRIAM HOPKINS.

1/=

The Sketch

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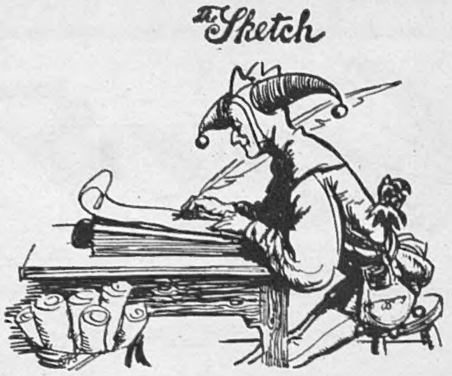
The Sketch

No. 2144.—Vol. CLXV. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

BEAUTY SEEKS THE BUBBLE REPUTATION.

DESHA, the well-known dancer of the "Desha and Myro" partnership, has been doing her celebrated Bubble Dance in Chicago—in fact, she has been seeking the bubble Reputation, and has found it!

MOTLEY NOTES.



By ALAN KEMP.

GETTING ON.

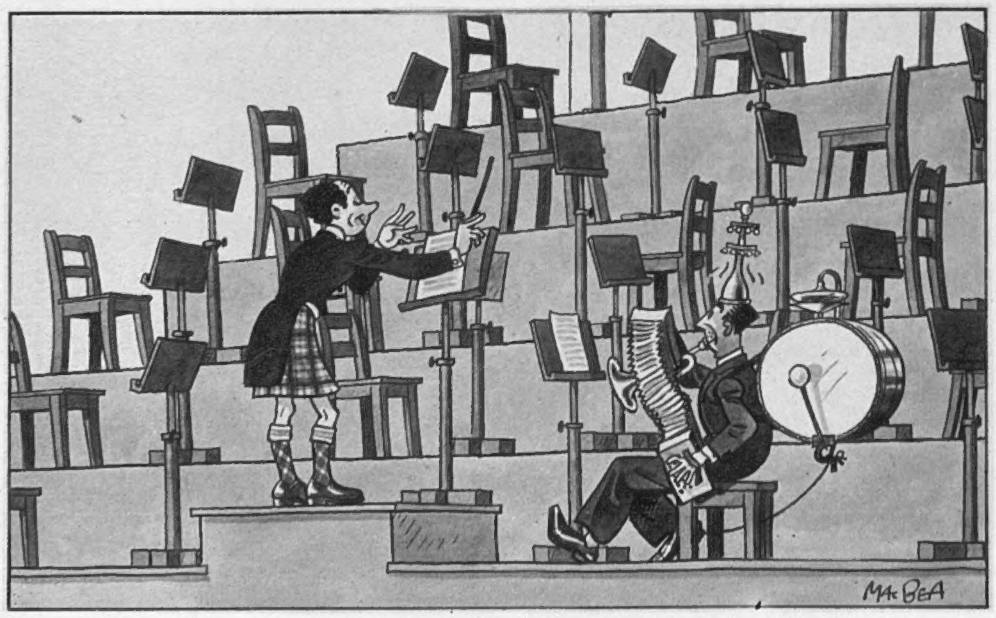
I SUPPOSE it is very wrong of me, but sometimes I wonder: Are we getting on quite as fast as we might? Not that we aren't rapid. Nobody can complain of our speed—except the Pedestrians' Association; they don't seem to think much of it. Their argument appears to be that when it comes to speed, a bullet holds the sprinting record—but, unfortunately, it hurts when it hits; and they keep on complaining that a motor-car also hurts when it hits. This may be a narrow-minded view, but some colour is lent to it by the fifty thousand victims who have been mown down in the interests of speed in the last few years; and you cannot always get the victims to see that they are martyrs to a noble cause. Apart from pedestrians and other notoriously reactionary persons, the world at large admires speed more than any other achievement, and if a man can shoot through the atmosphere at, say, three hundred miles an hour, he is a far more popular hero and far better front-page news than anybody would be who discovered how to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to. It is only a question of time before somebody shoots up to the moon in a rocket. There is something to be said for the attempt. The winter climate is probably better up there. Any day I expect to see advertisements of the Lunar Riviera.

Yes, we are going fast enough. But a man who is falling down a precipice is also going rather fast. The question is, where are we going *to*? Are we whizzing round in a circle? Are we even whizzing backwards? Or are we getting on?

Not long ago, on a journey, I was re-reading a book which has always struck me as better than most romances. It is Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," which I don't suppose many people ever look at now. Those old Incas were poor benighted heathen, and, without being snobbish, I doubt whether one could have considered an Inca as quite One of Us; but what strikes one about them is how much better they were than the highly civilised persons who came and wiped them out or made slaves of them. Without having ever met one, I am sure that any well-brought-up Inca was a far more decent, moral, healthy, agreeable, or, as far as that goes, pious person than a Conquistador. These heathens were lacking, perhaps, in great books and pictures and certain elements of what is called culture, but they had a marvellous organisation and they knew how to govern a country, which their conquerors never did. When you read about their system of roads—to take one example—you don't feel inclined to make such a fuss about all our engineering and highway construction. A man, who is not a greater liar than most travellers, told me the other day that there are parts of Peru at the present time where it takes far longer to communicate by post and telegraph than it took the Incas with their system of runners. The Incas may have been "backward," but they had got on a remarkable distance. Simple souls that they were, they made the mistake of trusting the word of highly cultivated European gentlemen; and their descendants to-day have not got on at all, but have gone steadily backwards. *They* don't seem to have got any advantage whatever out of motor-cars and gramophones and talkies and superhet sets.

And then, the other day—if you will forgive this mildewed antiquarianism—I was looking at a very big book, in more senses than one; one of those books which need a small hand-winch to assist the reader. I won't say, in these hard times, that it was worth its weight in gold, but it was worth a lot, and, as far as that goes, it cost a lot. It was all about a place called Ur. Now, although I am never quite clear about Sargon—in fact, for many years I thought it was a patent medicine—and, although I am a little hazy about the difference between Thothmes II. and Assurbanipal or the exact relationship between the Hittites and the Sittites; although, I say, I am an indifferent archæologist with an imperfect knowledge of cuneiform, I did gather that some five thousand years ago there was a very flourishing manufacturing city (and not the only one) in Mesopotamia. It was rich and prosperous and the standard of living was high. It had mastered many of the arts, and in some of them — for example, architecture—we have not greatly improved on it; and certain crafts, such as brick-making, it practised better than anybody has done since. I don't say I should have cared to be one of the toiling masses in Ur, and I doubt whether I would exchange my present modest dwelling for a Sumerian palace; but five thousand years ago, at Ur, they had definitely got on, and they must have done so at no mean pace.

I turn from the records of Queen Noth-So-Bad and King Atta-Bhoy, and, lightly skipping the ages, I open my newspaper. In Paris they have been at the old game of barricades: the Place de la Concorde seems to be ironically named: and all the rulers of the country have become *voleurs* and *assassins*. In Austria, the machine-guns have been popping away, until you would almost think you were in Chicago. In Spain, you are apt to get a dunt on the head as a dangerous revolutionary (or reactionary, as the case may be) if you so much as ask a policeman the time. In Russia they have gone all red, in Germany they have gone all brown, in Italy they have gone all black, and in Ireland they have gone all the colours of the rainbow; and if you happen to be anything but a chameleon, you are certain to run into trouble somewhere. In America they are Recovering, in Cuba they are arguing with whizz-bangs, in Newfoundland they have given it up as a bad job, and I hear that in the Sandwich Islands they are expecting a *coup d'état* at any moment. Frankly, it is all a little discouraging. *Are we getting on as fast as we might?* Let's all go back to Ur!



THE SCOT'S ORCHESTRA.

DRAWN BY MACBEA.

"THE SKETCH'S" SPECIAL PRINTS.

Just to remind you, we began our very popular silver series of film favourites with studies of the Misses Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford in blue and silver. On December 27 we began a new series in black and silver with a portrait of Miss Norma Shearer, and continued with studies of the Misses Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Ruth Chatterton, Mae West, Katharine Hepburn, Madeleine Carroll, Jessie Matthews, and Elisabeth Bergner. This week we give a study of Miss Miriam Hopkins, and next week we shall publish one of

MISS MERLE OBERON.

If any of our readers happen to have missed one of these fascinating portraits, they may think it worth while to write to our Publishing Office at 346, Strand, on the chance that a copy of the missing back number may be in stock.

YEVONDE.

THE REASON FOR A DANCE.

LADY GLORIA VAUGHAN, débutante daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne, was the charming "reason" for the dance which Lady Lisburne gave last Thursday at 5, Upper Berkeley Street. She has inherited her brunette beauty from her mother, who was Mlle. Regina de Bittencourt. Lady Lisburne's father, Don Julio de Bittencourt, is a well-known Chilean diplomat.

LONDON ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

LADY ELIZABETH MURRAY is the younger of the Earl and Countess of Dunmore's two daughters. She was snapped in the foyer of the Lyric Theatre.

On the cross-Channel boat, bound for Cairo. MISS MARGARET BRACKENBURY is going to join her brother, Captain "Bob" Brackenbury, R.A., and her sister, Mrs. Bull, who is also married to a Gunner. Cairo is having a very gay winter.

MUSIC. Londonderry House went Gaelic, and not for the first time. The cherishing of Gaelic music is one of the hostess's many interests. As usual, it proved a distinguished evening, the Prime Minister being much in evidence with Miss Ishbel, matronly in her favourite neutral tones. She spent a holiday at Davos recently. Lady Dunmore brought Lady Elizabeth Murray, who grows every day more lovely in our view. Earlier in the week she was at the Lunts', where we also noted Lady Brownlow wearing summer ermine. Conclusion. "Isn't Alfred, otherwise Rudolph von Hapsburg, absolutely divine?"

Others at Londonderry House. Lord Brougham's aunt, Miss Eleanor Brougham, Lady Anne Rhys, who lunched that day in Bury Street with her husband, but looks her best at night when hatless and must be dissuaded from hair ornaments; also Mrs. Mabel Corey. Sir Reginald McLeod (Skye, of course) had his daughter with him. The Duke of Argyll talked to Mrs. Jock Bruce. Lord Londonderry talked to everyone.

We afterwards repaired to Mrs. Richard Buxton's dance for Chloe Buxton. Very decorous and very Norfolk, but essentially well done. Mrs. Wessel had her lovely Yarde-Buller débutante daughter with her. Mrs. Bethell brought Nefertari, who looks interesting, like her *nom de style*. The Duchess of Rutland's diamond necklace was one of the high-lights—they are the most beautiful stones on record. Lady Lisburne, who is Mrs. George Philippi's sister and a de Bittencourt, was particularly attractive with her young face and grey hair. The average age of the mothers seemed to be very low indeed, as they were nearly all young and *chic*. What a change! Clare, Lady Cowley's satin was off-white. The hostess's black had great elegance.

Switching to a *boîte de nuit* we found Rex Evans singing to his piano and a room full. "Auntie Jessie" is still a favourite *encore*, but there are some new numbers of scintillating quality. Miss Winifred Paget laughed, Mrs. Cecil Brownhill laughed a great deal, and Lord Elibank laughed most of all. His book, with the disarming title of "A Man's Life," will be out very soon. It ranges about the Empire during history-making moments, and is unkind to nobody.

"Not one tiny little indiscretion, Gideon?"

"Well, I've been rather outspoken about Lloyd George." Who hasn't? Not Lady Oxford and not L. G. himself.

MIXED LUNCH. Invitations from "Avril Imeretinsky and Hugh Leveson-Gower" heralded last week's largest cocktail-party. This was preceded by a lunch-party with the same host and hostess, whose wedding will be a quiet event of next month. To mix the sexes at lunch is always dangerous and sometimes successful. This one went well with Barbara Cartland talking about Oriental philosophies, and Edward de Winton Wills remarking loyally that "Scotland is nice at any time of year." We notice he and his wife spend a lot of time in London and abroad. Old joke. Malcolm Vaughan, who married Judy Leveson-Gower, received congratulations on their son and heir's arrival—he has two small sisters. The former Miss Molly Vaughan (Mrs. John Rayner) is also very fond of babies. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Winsloe were at this party, merry and bright as usual. "Dick" is a considerable character with his absurd anecdotal tendencies. We feel he would make a serious rival to Gillie Potter if encouraged. Meantime, he's incensed to find that those who stayed at home know much more gossip about what we all did in St. Moritz than those who went there at great expense and personal risk.

Paris-bound. LADY MOIRA COMBE and MISS DODO WEST (right) were snapped on the deck of a cross-Channel steamer.

Young marrieds at home. MR. and MRS. FRANCIS BLACKWOOD are seen with their daughter, DAREA, whose christening was a recent event. Mrs. Blackwood's mother, Lady Wilmot, is at her villa on the Riviera for the spring season.

An invitation from "The St. Moritz Drinking Society" to a cocktail gala unfortunately misspelt *Glüwein*, our favourite liquid except arrowroot. Otherwise the arrangements were faultless, and Russell Bearman an excellent host to this "Re-union in Regent's Park." His sister-in-law, pretty Mrs. Bernard Bearman, is the younger sister of Mrs. James Harris ("Tilla").

EATING OUT. On the *banquettes* of a favourite restaurant—Kathleen, Lady Domville, who has out-and-about daughters these days; Peter Stewart, who looks much younger than his double, Noel Coward; Mrs. Beryl Mills, who has gone into Trade; Mr. Gull, back from a happy holiday at Monte Carlo; Mrs. Stewart-Browne, looking radiantly well; one of the Toyes, and several of the decorative people who serve in neighbouring emporiums. Celery with cheese filling its hollow side, if you know what I mean, makes mouths water and is *the* cocktail accompaniment just now.

The Manhattan Girl-Friend has written us screeds about the best winter season New York has known since '28. Here are some extracts from her international mustard-pot: "Things have improved no end on account of the dollar's fall. Hooches of Europeans have come across to make our parties amusing and intelligent" (what a compliment!). "J. J. Astor III., aged twenty, has bought a five-storey house 'to show New York that a high standard of entertaining should be revived, and to initiate discrimination.'" (We wonder what this means?) "Alexander Dietrichstein gazes amusedly and with distinction over his crystal cigarette-holder at 'the dear, crude Americans'; but the most discussed importation is Max Stuttgart." The Girl-Friend's next four pages are devoted to Max, who seems to be a mystery to Manhattan's many sets. "So far, he hasn't been noted in the Vanderbilt-Pyne group, but runs with the Harrison-Williams crowd."

All this *chi-chi* about Max is very amusing to the Europeans who know him. *Passons.* "Mrs. John Munro and Prince Cyril Scherbatoff have been seen at every party. She now works as a saleswoman in Sachs

for thirty dollars per week, and Cyril 's still run after by those with the Prince complex. Other Russians, headed by Alexis and Serge Obolensky and the Grand Duchess Marie, aided by one of the Bismarcks, launched a club called the Assembly, in imitation of Peter the Great's club, formed so that men and women of the nobility can meet with distinguished foreigners.' " (Very high-hat all this.) " They herd in a tiny room, shouting noisily at each other and making banal compliments to the distinguished foreigners, who include such good Americans as Betty Shonnard, the Jay Goulds, and charming Hope Iselin, whose family used to take Glen from Lord Glenconner.

Artistically New York seems to have had an alluring winter. Boutet de Monvel's portraits are the rage. He 's supposed to paint whites wonderfully (not as opposed to negroes) — while Henry Haseltine's animal sculptures have been bought *en masse* by Marshall Field. Malvina Hoffman and Fritz Werner are the other head-liners where Art 's concerned. Theatrically " Mary of Scotland " succeeds, though the Girl-Friend finds historical inaccuracies. " At Wilderness " is another good play, but about boring people. She thinks it 's " Eugene O'Neill pot-boiling." A grand farce is " Sailor, Beware ! " and our old

MRS. ROBERT KAYE, MRS. ALASTAIR KING, the HON. MRS. MOUNTJOY FANE, and the HON. MOUNTJOY FANE all came out on foot when the Quorn met at Frisby-on-the-Wreake. Mr. Mountjoy Fane is the Earl of Westmorland's brother.

blossom, " The Green Bay Tree," runs and runs. The public finds the Russian Ballet charming, but amateurish, and stands in queues to cheer " As Thousands Cheer." (When will one of our impresarios bring this to England ?)

Manhattan is intensely musical. Harriet Cohen and Myra Hess have had ovations. Heifetz and Menuhin fill any house any day. The opera did " Salomé " after twenty-seven years, and, of course, a lot of Wagner with the inevitable Melchior. The standard is much higher than before the crash.

" David Herbert and Jack Wilson from England flit about parties, the former sketching likenesses for a hundred dollars. Tilly Losch is here, and Iris Tree with her new husband. At Butler Hallihan's party Natica Nast and her husband, Gerald Warburg, were very newly married, and the guests of honour were the Blisses, formerly U.S. Ambassador (in Argentina), and wife."

Flying the Atlantic and alighting on a fogbound Calais-bound Channel boat we find Lady Moira Combe and her great friend, the lively Miss Dodo West, awaiting a crash between sirens—they are not disappointed, as we hit a pier. Clifford Whitley, *en route* for the Beaulieu tournament in which he partners Joan Ridley clutches his tennis racquets, but all is well, as only the pier suffers. The Lord Privy Seal (Anthony Eden) in a very Foreign Office black hat, strolls about looking like a film male lead, and followed by attentive secretaries, conference bound. Miss Margaret Brackenbury, wreathed in smiles, is off to join her gunner family in Cairo (we record this fact photographically on the page opposite to this, as her travelling costume is pictorially good), and we 're off to break the bank at Monte Carlo.

MME. GUÉPIN is the popular sister of Lady (Kay) Muir, and is a well-known figure in London's young set. Her husband is Dutch ; her father is the famous Bulgarian diplomat, M. Dimitri Stancioff ; and her brother is in the Bulgarian Legation in Rome. She speaks six languages.

MISS SUSAN HENDERSON, elder daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Alec Henderson, is a beautiful débutante of the year. She went to the Eton Steeplechases, and is seen with MR. BRYAN BONSOR.

This group was taken at the ETON COLLEGE STEEPLECHASES at Eton, and shows (l. to r.) MR. J. L. SMITHERS, MR. A. N. A. BOYD, MISS BOYD, and MRS. WYKES.

'VARSITY POINT-TO-POINT

(Right) Here, LADY COTTENHAM is chatting to LORD LOVAT. He succeeded his father as fifteenth Baron last year.

The HON. DOREEN GIBBS (half-sister of Lord Wraxall) and MR. LONG found a good place from which to watch the races.

MRS. SEELY and the HON. MRS. FRED CRIPPS watched the Christ Church Point-to-Point Races at Oddington from their car.

All eyes on the race! The watchers include MR. HARTOG, MISS BIRD, MR. RAMBALL, MISS BOUCH, MRS. HORTON, and MR. and MRS. RAMBALL, senior.

This picnic lunch-party includes MR. MERVYN THOMAS, MISS GORDON JONES, MISS STOKER, and MR. H. P. STIRLING.

SIR CHARLES GORDON WATSON is with MISS MERCIE WEAVER, MISS IRENE MULLANEY, and MISS DAPHNE ALLEN.

AND PARTY.

After the racing at Oddington there was a party at Oxford. MRS. ALLAN McLEOD, MISS ALLWEYN, MISS THOMPSON WALKER, MISS GATHORNE-HARDY, MISS RACHEL BORTHWICK, MR. ALLAN McLEOD, MR. MICHAEL FLEMING, MR. PETER STURGES, MR. F. VERSON, *and one of the three hosts,* MR. JOHN DE LASZLO, *are in this group.*

LADY GLORIA VAUGHAN, *débutante daughter of the Earl of Lisburne; the* HON. PATRICIA BERRY, *daughter of Lord Camrose; the* HON. VIRGINIA BRETT, *débutante daughter of Lord Esher; and* SIR JOHN DYER, BT., *were guests at the after-the-races party at Oxford.*

(Right) MISS GATHORNE-HARDY *is seen at the races with* MR. MEREDITH HARDY.

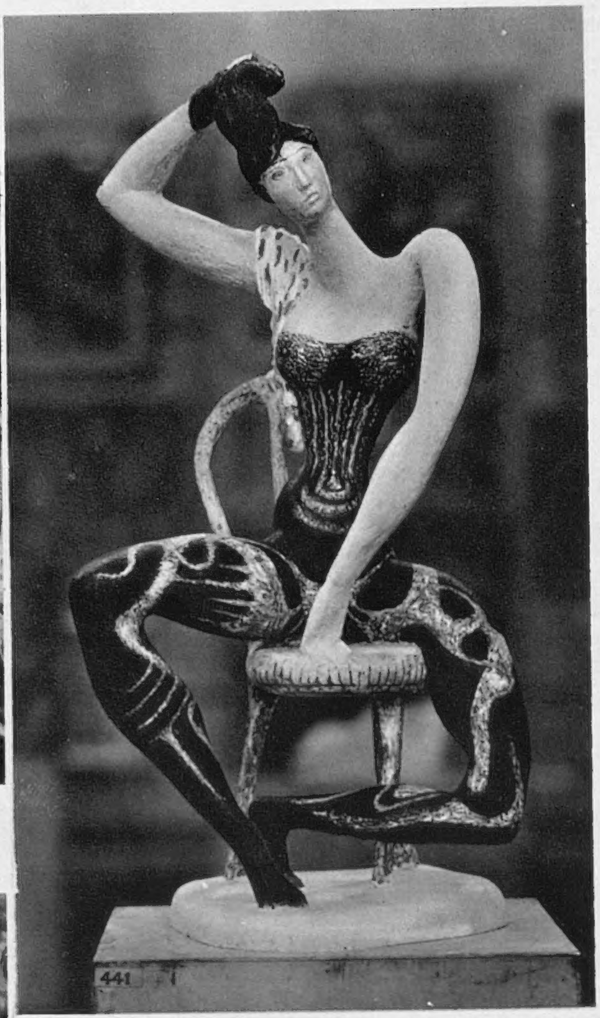
MR. IVO REID, *elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Lester Reid, is shown with* MISS BEATRICE BAKER.

MISS PAMELA NICHOLL *and* MR. BUCHANAN *were among those who came to Oddington to see the sport.*

MISS JOYCE PILKINGTON, MISS JOCELYN WINGFIELD, MR. JAMES LANE-FOX, *and* MISS A. LOYD *are here seen (l. to r.)*

ALL ARTISTIC CREEDS UNDER ONE ROOF.

"A COMMENT ON VULGARITY; OR, WORLD DEFINITION OF BEAUTY AND GRACE": BY C. R. W. NEVINSON, R.O.I., R.B.A.

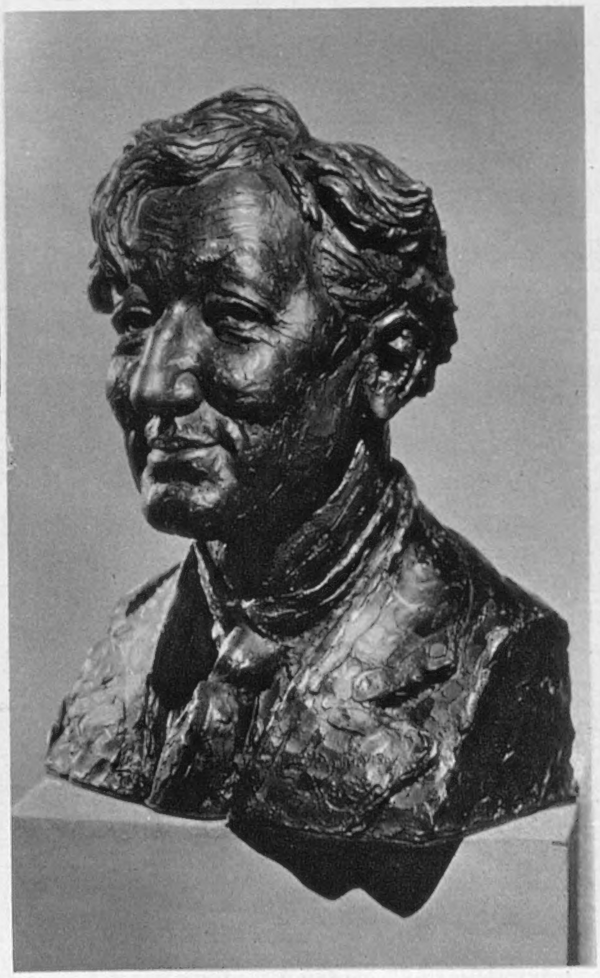


"BALLERINA"; a figure in painted plaster: by CECIL BROWN.

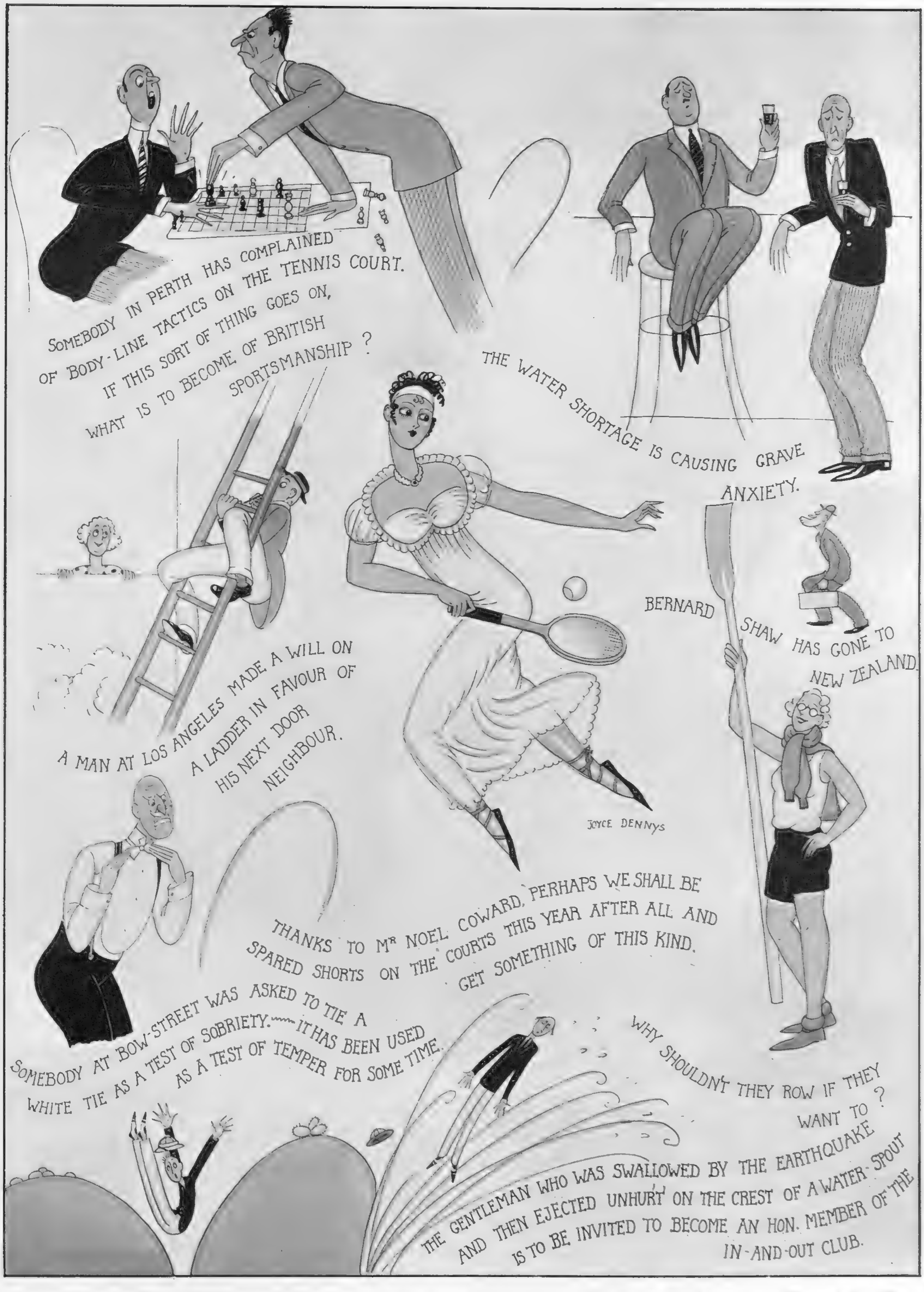
"FAMILY GROUP": BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

"BED-TIME": by CECILY HEY.

THE National Society of Painters, Sculptors and Gravers are holding their fifth annual exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries. The formation of the Society was the "natural fruition of a growing desire among artists of every creed and outlook for an annual exhibition which would represent all aspects under one roof, without prejudice or favour." Mr. Nevinson is the Chairman of the Society. Mr. Steven Spurrier's work is familiar to readers of "The Illustrated London News."



"A. P. HERBERT": by BARNEY SEALE (bronze).



"THE SKETCH" REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Here is the third of our special Reviews of the Week, which epitomise the thrills and tendencies of the last seven days and prevent "Sketch" readers missing anything of importance in the lighter vein!

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY JOYCE DENNYS.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

Zane Grey and North Sea Tunny Fishing. In his customary direct and outspoken way of dealing with "offenders," Zane Grey has taken our tunny anglers to task for their fishing methods in an article in one of our leading sporting journals. Before criticising them in this way I think he might have taken a little more care in finding out exactly how these anglers did fish. I notice also that Mr. Grey describes a 705-lb. tuna, caught by Francis Low, as being the record for America. Apparently Mr. Grey has not heard of the 715-lb. tunny killed last season off Nova Scotia by Mr. Duncan M. Hodgson, as reported in *The Sketch*, Feb. 7, 1934. Mr. Grey is an exponent of launch-fishing with moderately light line — 39 thread or thereabout—and plenty of it. Discussing the British Tunny Club's rules, he states there is no restriction as to size of rod, which is not correct, and adds: "It is easy to understand the quick and easy battles with big tuna from a row-boat. A row-boat is comparatively light. On a heavy reel drag and heavy line, the tuna will tow the boat and give up more or less quickly."

Prior to writing this, Mr. Grey had praised Francis Low for having done a wonderful thing for American angling, and for Mr. Grey personally, in his "long and unsuccessful fight for stabilising and adopting international rules for big-game fishing." He quotes the following from a letter written to him by Mr. Low: "I fought this tuna for five hours, most of which time it was under the boat, deep down despite my desperate efforts to pump him up. He died down deep, and I had a most exhausting and painful ordeal pulling him up inch by inch. I was a cripple for three days and could hardly get about."

Can Mr. Grey Explain Why? With his fish deep down under the launch, the engine could have been of no assistance to Mr. Low, in fact, he would have been just as well off in a row-boat. This being the case, perhaps Mr. Grey can explain why Mr. Low did not have a quick and easy battle with his big tuna. From what I have been told by Mr. Mitchell-Henry, I gathered that he considers an engined launch suitable for fish which fight on the surface, but for tunny he prefers a row-boat, and he uses heavy tackle because he has found light lines unequal to the strain of raising a big fish. There is much to be said for either point of view — too much, judging by what has already been said. I, for one, hope that there will be no more unseemly bickerings about how to catch tunny in a sporting way. Mr. Zane Grey's article is provocative—in fact, it provoked me to write this note.

A Wonderful Salmon Pool in British Columbia. There is a certain pool on a river in British Columbia which for one month in the year provides some of the finest salmon fishing to be found anywhere in the world. At least this is the opinion of Mr. Roderick L. Haig-Brown, author of "Silver," that attractive and interesting life history of a salmon. Writing to a mutual friend, Mr. Haig-Brown stated that last September, fishing an hour or two each day for twelve consecutive days, he killed sixteen fish weighing over 30 lb. apiece. The pool is about 1½ miles from the sea, and is perfect salmon water, though difficult to fish. The big salmon, running up to fifty and possibly sixty pounds in weight, lie in it all through September, and will take a spoon cast out across the current and worked cunningly down. The heaviest Mr. Haig-Brown has killed is a forty-six-pounder; but he was guiding a youngster of ten on another famous water—the Campbell River—when the youthful angler landed a splendid Tyee salmon of 48½ lb.

Mr. Haig-Brown has had plenty of opportunities for studying the life history of salmon, about which he wrote so charmingly, as he spent some years in Newfoundland. He returned home for a time before going to British Columbia, and while in London, called on me and told me about the fine sport with both trout and salmon which he enjoyed in the Newfoundland rivers and lakes.

The beautiful MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH, so well known in London Society, is far away from February fogs, British blend. She has been fishing at Palm Beach, Fla., and is here posed with a couple of huge SAILFISH she caught. The large one weighs 65 lb. and measures seven feet five inches; while the smaller one weighs 47 lb. and measures six feet three inches.

Using Fish Skin to Catch Fish. On my desk as I write this note there are three pieces of dried and shrivelled pike skin sewn into the rough semblance of minnows. Rusty hooks protruding from the skin suggest that these hand-made baits have been used for fishing, and in all probability have caught trout. When freshly made they must be very deadly, as they are made to spin by a twist in the tail end, and they have the attraction of the actual fish taste and smell. Mr. J. E. Douglas Griss, who handed me these baits, obtained them from Prince Serge Belozersky. According to what Mr. Griss was told by Prince Belozersky and what I have heard elsewhere, these fish-skin baits are widely used in Finland. There are times when it might prove very handy to be able to manufacture a bait out of a piece of fish skin in this way. The method cannot be compared with the common practice of using a strip of fish flesh as bait. The minnow is definitely a spinning bait, and the spin is not produced by means of celluloid or metal flanges. The skin is stuffed with cotton wool and the bait is known in Finland as the "Nirha."

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Mr. William Adams and his son, Lieut.-Commdr. G. C. Adams, had two good days' pike-fishing on Slapton Ley, Devon. The best day they had eighteen pike weighing 135 lb. — largest fish, 14 lb., 12 lb., and 11 lb. — and on the following day ten fish — 67 lb., including one of 19 lb.

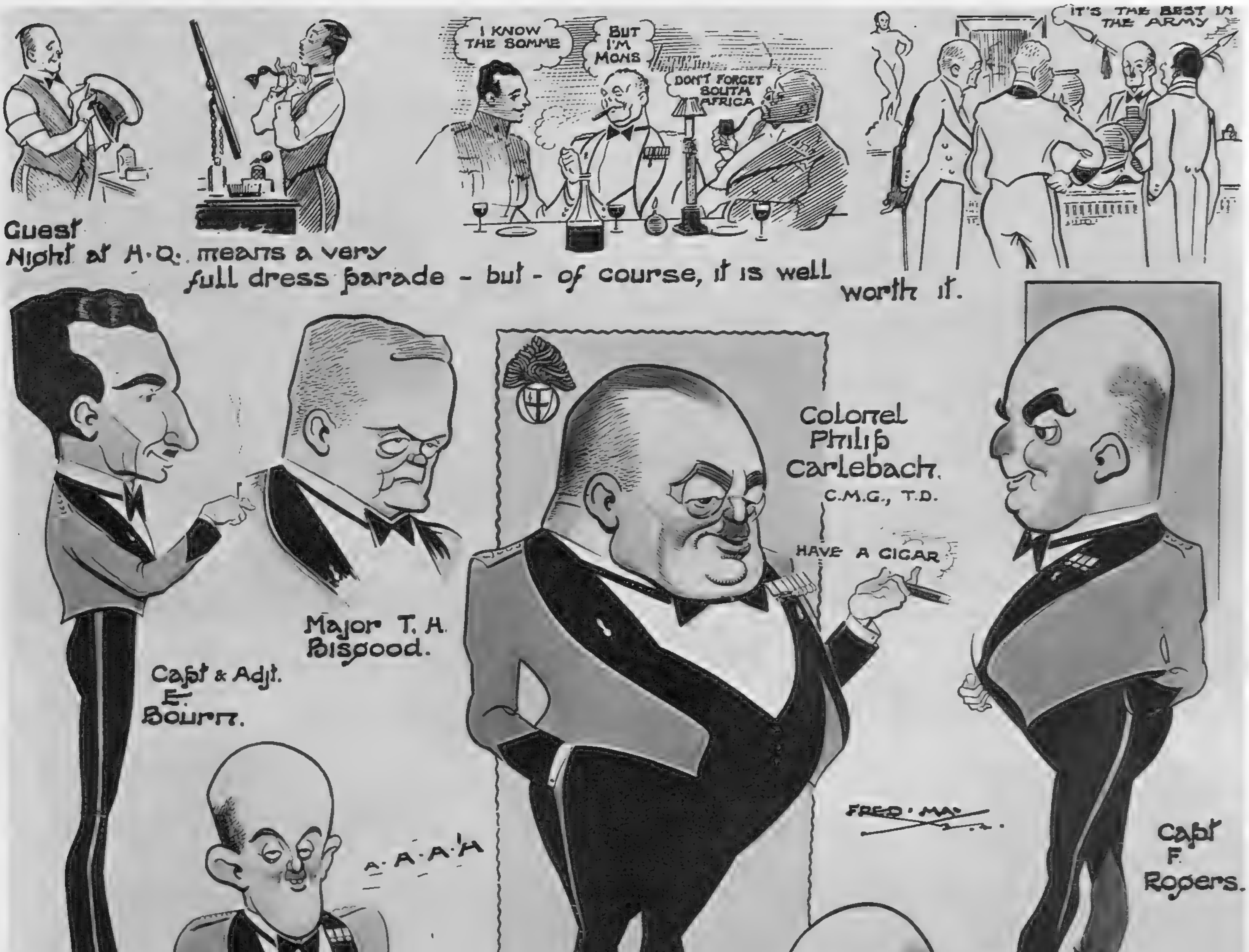
A large cod, which must have weighed about 10 lb., was found whole inside a monk fish by a Filey fisherman.

Mr. J. Purse, of Sheffield, caught a fine pike of 25 lb. 10 oz. in the River Delph at Welney, near Wisbech.

A pike of 27½ lb. was landed without the aid of gaff or net by Mr. H. M. Moore, of Devizes, from the lake at Earlstoke, Wilts.

Birmingham anglers are holding an exhibition of specimen fish at the National Trades Exhibition at Bingley Hall, from March 5 to the end of April.

R. L. MARSTON.



GUEST NIGHT
AT THE HARBEN ARMOURY.

The officers and men of THE 1st CITY OF LONDON REGIMENT (CADET BATTALION) THE ROYAL FUSILIERS are practically all engaged in the City. These sketches were made by Fred May at the last Guest Night of the STOCK EXCHANGE BATTALION, at their H.Q., the Harben Armoury, Hampstead. They have a very fine regimental museum, and the mess contains many interesting relics, including some rare armour. The CADET BATTALION is one of the strongest, and also one of the oldest, in the country. It carries its own colours and, on March 9 and 10, is to give a Torchlight Tattoo at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington.

THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

No. V.—BEVERLEY NICHOLS.

With this series, "The Sketch" lifts the veil on the Worst Moment in the lives of some distinguished persons. MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS, the well-known author, is the fifth to go into the "confessional."

"I DON'T know whether it was my worst moment, or my best," said Beverley, lighting his fiftieth cigarette with hands that shook slightly, "but it was pretty shattering, whichever way you look at it. . . . It began in an aeroplane, and it ended—but that would be telling.

"The story starts on March 10, 1933. I was in the middle of writing 'Cry Havoc.' A few days before I had heard from a pacifist friend of mine that there were several young conscientious objectors in prison in Brussels. They were none of them over twenty, and if ever there was a case where even the most bellicose of men might respect a pacifist, it was this. Because there was no danger of war for these men . . . nor even of physical discomfort. All they had been asked to do was their year's training—which was quite agreeable. They had refused. They had chucked their jobs, their girls, their families. And, according to the story I had heard, they had each been given two years' solitary confinement.

"Now that was a bit too much to bear. I got busy. After pulling a great many strings, I got a telegram from a lawyer in Brussels stating that he had arranged for me to see these men and to attend their trial, which was on Monday, March 20. Mark that date. So, on the Sunday, I got into an aeroplane and flew to Brussels.

"Now, I have never had nerves in an aeroplane before. The very first time I went up, which was just after the war, I adored it, especially when we looped the loop and all that sort of thing. But no sooner had I stepped into this particular aeroplane than I began to panic. It was a feeling absolutely beyond my control—a wild, unreasoning fear. I felt certain we were going to crash. Every time the wind buffeted the 'plane, my heart sank. I had to grip on to the seat when I looked out of the window. It was only by the utmost effort that I pulled myself together and took a gulp of brandy from my flask.

"And then I began to write. I wrote in a sort of frenzy to calm my nerves. I wrote notes for a short story which was all about some people who were very frightened in an aeroplane, because of a bad storm. And all the people in my story made vows that if they ever landed safely they would lead different lives. There was a drunkard who swore that if he ever set foot on *terra firma* he would never drink again. And a loose woman who swore she would be chaste, etc. Of course, the story ended with a safe landing. And as soon as they had landed, the drunkard dashed to the aerodrome for a double whisky, and the loose woman clutched the arm of a young man. A rather obvious story, but it might have been made amusing. Anyway, it gave me something to think about, and stopped me going mad.

"Well, we landed all right. As soon as I stepped out of that aeroplane I felt all right again. What a fool I'd been! I felt so cheerful that I turned round and waved the 'plane good-bye. As I did so I saw, for the first time, the name of the 'plane painted on the tail. . . . It was—but that comes later.

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS, the popular author (here caricatured by Coia), is the fifth to disclose his secret in "THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE" series for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. He made his first big success with "Twenty-five" (an autobiography) published in 1926. His other books include "The Star-Spangled Manner" and "Women and Children Last"; and "Sketch" readers will recall his brilliant series of personal sketches entitled "Wood: Celebrities in Undress," published in our pages in 1926 and 1927. "Evensong" was a best-seller book and a successful play; "Down the Garden Path" and "The Thatched Roof" have countless admirers; and "Cry Havoc," published last year, is a notable contribution to anti-war literature.

"I got to the hotel, and telephoned the lawyer. He had been called away and would not be back till nine on the following morning. That was a bore, because the trial began at eleven and I wanted to fix things up. I returned to the hotel and pottered about. I also made arrangements with the hall porter to book me a seat on the 'plane which left Brussels at eleven on Tuesday. He did so. And the name of the 'plane on which he booked me the ticket was—well, but there again, that would be telling!

"On the following morning, the Monday, I was early at the lawyer's. And there I had a most unpleasant shock. The lawyer was profuse in his apologies, but the whole thing had fallen through. I was not to be allowed into the trial and the prison governor had cancelled his permit. Why? Who knew? Was there no influence to be used? He could not think of any. Why had he not let me know before? He shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm afraid I cursed the man roundly, not only because I had been put to a great deal of trouble and expense for nothing, but because I really was bitterly disappointed at my failure to see those wretched young men. I don't know if I could have done much for them, but at least I could have let them know that they weren't forgotten . . . that they were being worked for. And now . . .

"Suddenly, in the middle of these recriminations, I remembered my aeroplane ticket. Lord—here was I in Brussels, a city which I loathed, with no friends, absolutely nothing to do, and the prospect of having to stay here till to-morrow if I couldn't change my ticket. Of course, I could have gone back by train, but somehow, I didn't want to. I was so angry with myself for being such a coward on the trip over that I was determined to fly, even if it made me sick with fright.

"I looked at my watch. There was just time, so I rushed out of the office, got a taxi, drove at record speed to the hotel. 'Can you get me a ticket on the eleven o'clock 'plane?' I asked the hall porter.

"He would try. I ran up to pack. When I ran down again he was beaming. He had got the last ticket for monsieur. Monsieur would just have time to catch the 'plane. Oh, thank you, monsieur was very kind.

"Well, monsieur just *had* time to catch the 'plane. He scrambled in last, just when they were going to shut the door.

"And, to go back to the first person, I never enjoyed a flight more. I wished it would go on for ever.

. . . .

"And now we can get to the point at last. On Tuesday afternoon, March 21, I went to the club. I was very tired—starting 'flu, as a matter of fact—and I sank into a chair and ordered a drink.

"'And an evening paper, too, please,' I called out to the waiter as he turned away.

"He brought the drink and the paper.

"That's a terrible crash, Sir.'

"'What? Another?'

"I took the paper. Stared at it. There was a great headline: 'Appalling Disaster to Imperial Airways Liner.'

"I read on. Fifteen killed . . . that morning . . . *City of Liverpool*. (Where, where had I seen that name before?) . . . from Brussels this morning . . . from Brussels.

"And then I realised. It was the Tuesday 'plane on which I had had a ticket. It was only by the smallest fluke that I was not lying in a field in Belgium, a blackened, shapeless mass.

"And as I realised this, the glass dropped out of my hand. I seemed to be falling . . . falling. I tried to call the waiter. I couldn't even stretch out my hand. And I regret to say I 'passed out.'

"The worst moment of my life?" Beverley Nichols smiled apologetically. "I'm afraid it doesn't sound very bad. But I think I told you that I was sickening for the 'flu."

CYRIL BUTCHER.

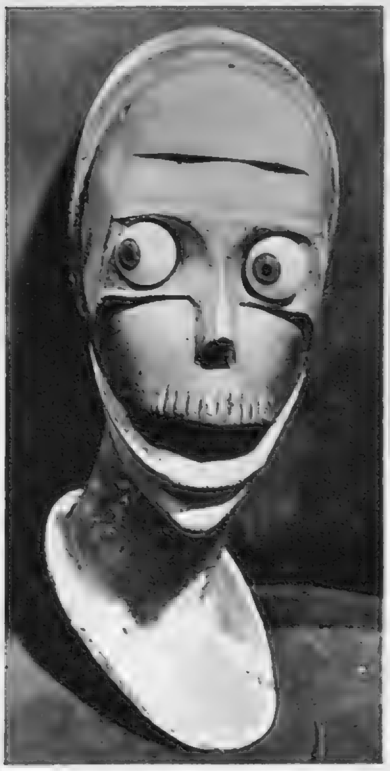
THE B.I.F. BEAUTY— VIVACIOUS BY VOLTAGE.

"SCORN."

MR. COURTENAY POLLOCK, the sculptor, is lighting a cigarette in the mouth of his almost-human model. "She" changes her expression with the aid of the electric motor shown in the box beneath her, and will look either smiling, coy, demure, or scornful according to her mechanism, and, not unnaturally, is proving a big attraction at the British Industries Fair at Olympia.

"HAUGHTINESS."

"SURPRISE."



Mr. Pollock's Electric Galatea—like all earthly beauties—hides a somewhat forbidding skull beneath her gentle features. Here it is stripped of its layers of imitation flesh and muscles!

"MERRIMENT."

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE Master Pilot's Certificate was introduced over five years ago, and since then there have been many applications for it; but CAPTAIN LESLIE A. WALTERS, a "veteran" Imperial Airways pilot, is the first who has been able to comply with all the conditions, and is therefore Master Pilot No. 1. The qualifications include 1000 hours spent in the air and at least twenty-five night flights. Captain Walters has flown 7500 hours and has covered 750,000 miles. He is thirty-six years of age.

THE walls of the School of Design for Women in Philadelphia (which has nothing to do with designing women—though the students are full of designs!) were adorned by students with caricatures representing GRETA GARBO (left) and JOAN CRAWFORD, for the Alumnæ Ball.

MR. HARRY MAY HEMSLEY is well known on the stage and "over the ether" for his imitations of children. He gave an adult imitation at the London Sketch Club Ball, for he arranged to go as Lord Donowho—a mythical statue.

CAPTAIN LESLIE A. WALTERS—FOR BECOMING MASTER AIR PILOT NO. 1; ALTHOUGH THIS CERTIFICATE WAS INTRODUCED AS FAR BACK AS FEBRUARY 12, 1929.

GRETA GARBO and JOAN CRAWFORD—FOR BEING "SCREENED" ON THE WALL OF A SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

MAJOR HUGH PEEL (here seen with his greyhound, Bryn Truthful)—FOR SETTING UP A UNIQUE SPORTS RECORD; WINNING BOTH THE GRAND NATIONAL AND THE WATERLOO CUP.

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S idea of a "holiday" is not a nice slack time sun-bathing or anything like that! He has gone off hunting for a "lost" gold-reef in the Kalahari Desert. He received the information about it from an elderly woman, and is to follow up her "clues" scientifically with the aid of a geologist armed with instruments which include a gold-quartz magnetic diviner.

MAJOR HUGH PEEL is the only man who has won both the Grand National, the greatest steeplechase in the world, and the Waterloo Cup, the most celebrated coursing event. Poethlyn won the National twice—in 1918 and in 1919; and Bryn Truthful won the Waterloo Cup this year. Major Peel is having them photographed together. Poethlyn, though twenty-four years old, still looks well.

THE DOYEN method of handicapping at lawn tennis is a weighty business. M. Doyen, a professional comedian, found the light-footed agility of his lawn tennis teacher, ALBERT BURKE, was an impossible standard for a twenty-stone pupil to emulate. Burke saw the point and offered to level up to Doyen by wearing a weight-cloth of the necessary amount; some eight stone. *And* he won, nevertheless!

MR. HARRY MAY HEMSLEY—FOR BEING THE LORD DONOWHO UNVEILED IN THIS MANNER FOR THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB BALL.

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL (seen with Lady Campbell)—FOR SEEKING GOLD IN THE KALAHARI, AIDED BY A MAGNETIC DIVINER.

ALBERT BURKE (right)—FOR WEARING THE 8-STONE WEIGHT-CLOTH IN WHICH HE IS SEEN, TO GET EVEN WITH THE 20-STONE M. JACQUES DOYEN.

THE TWO ROMANCES OF THE MOMENT.

1. *The engagement of* MISS MIMI CRAWFORD, *the actress and dancer, to the young Earl of Suffolk was announced last week; and it was stated that the marriage would take place at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea. Miss Crawford is a niece of Lady Chalmers, wife of Lord Chalmers. Her father, Mr. A. G. Forde-Pigott, was for many years stage manager at the Alhambra, and her grandfather was a singer. She is the first English girl to dance the "Blue Danube" in "Die Fledermaus," at Covent Garden. Her performance was witnessed by the King and Queen.*
2. *The* EARL OF SUFFOLK, *whose engagement to Miss Mimi Crawford is announced, is twenty-eight. His father was killed in Mesopotamia. His mother is a daughter of Mr. Levi Leiter and sister to the first wife of the late Marquess Curzon.*
3. PRINCE SIGVARD, *second son of the Crown Prince of Sweden and of the late Crown Princess (formerly Princess Margaret of Connaught), and grandson of the Duke of Connaught, is here seen with his fiancée,* FRÄULEIN ERIKA PATZEK. *His romantic elopement to England roused great interest last week. The marriage will take place on March 8 before the registrar, at Caxton Hall, Westminster; and the young couple will then proceed to the Continent to carry on film work.*
4. PRINCE SIGVARD OF SWEDEN *is giving up his royal privileges and rank in order to marry* FRÄULEIN ERIKA PATZEK. *This decision to marry a commoner has caused a breach between him and his father and his grandfather, the King of Sweden, as he is second in direct succession to the Throne. Fräulein Erika Patzek, whose brother accompanied her to London, is the daughter of Herr Patzek, who is a landowner. The Prince and his fiancée are seen in London.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

Border society assembled at Kelso for the ball in aid of the Roxburghshire Nursing Association. MAJOR BALFOUR, of Newton Don, the HON. MRS. BALFOUR (formerly the Hon. Aurea Baring), and MR. and MRS. JOHN INGLIS were among the guests.

MRS. EWING, MAJOR EWING, of Mount Hooly, MISS EWING, and MR. LANGTON BURLEY were among the dancers at the Kelso Fancy-Dress Ball.

The DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH (centre) attended the Kelso Fancy-Dress Ball and presented the prizes. She is here seen surrounded by the winners.

The EARL OF DALKEITH, M.F.H., was at the United Border Hunts Races at Kelso. He is here seen with LADY STRATHEDEN.

GIRLS' lunches, young people's sherries, dinner-parties, and dances make more than an eight-hour social day for the eighteen-year-olds who have just left school. The grown-ups, on the other hand, are going back to classes. Gladys, Lady Swaythling was one of a party in a lecture tour round the British Art Exhibition the other evening, and I know a Colonel's wife who is getting on nicely with her Chinese. She finds it quite easy after Contract.

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Personal Service League workers have had to grow expert at new arts, too. Lady Remnant, for instance, can now cut out piles of garments all at once with a heavy tailor's knife. This is hard as well as skilled labour.

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Chaperonage is no longer the exclusive duty of the mothers. Fathers take their turn. Colonel Benskin was in charge of the party of young people which Mrs. Benskin had arranged to take to Mrs. William Loyd's dance last week. The reason for this was that Mrs. Benskin was detained abroad with her daughter, Miss Anne Hamilton Grace, who was laid up with 'flu in Budapest; but the rôle of chaperon is not new to Colonel Benskin, as he took his step-daughter out on occasion last year. Lord Esher, on the contrary, is a débutant in the part, I think. He fetched his daughter, Miss Virginia Brett, home from the party.

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Chaperoning mothers included Mme. Paravicini, who is able to go about with her younger daughter, Jacqueline. The Swiss Minister himself escorted Miss Livia Paravicini everywhere when she came out, for Mme. Paravicini has only just recovered from a long spell of indifferent health.

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Blue is the favourite colour for the very young at the moment. Miss Delia Loyd wore it at her own dance; so did her cousin and constant companion, Lady Sylvia Savile, third daughter of Lord Mexborough, and Miss Susan Henderson, who is one of the prettiest of this year's "crop" of girls. Her eyes are so exceedingly blue that she's more or less obliged to match them up on every occasion.

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Lady Ursula Manners shares with her mother a strong leaning towards ostrich feathers. Her dance frock for the Loyd ball was completed with a little cape edged with soft fronds.

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My list of unusual Christian names among the 1934 débutantes must be added to. Lord Stonehaven's daughter, Miss Baird, has the name of Ariel, which was not given for Shakespearean—or for Wireless—reasons. When she was born her father was in the R.A.F. Nicknames have already been bestowed on two of our newest beauties—Nefertari Bethell and Lady Cecilia Wellesley. They are called the "Baby Débs.," for they are the two very youngest to come out this year.

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Sunderland House, the scene of Lady Esher's ball, is large and very popular with the young people, as its suite of rooms opening one out of the other is so convenient for meeting or not meeting people, as the case may be. Dances may be "dodged" there by the socially gifted, without the slightest appearance of rudeness.

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The glittering golden plate specially brought up from Watlington Park added splendour to the supper-room at the Esher dance. There was a golden setting, too—of gilt American cloth—to heighten the effect; and the golden food included dishes of special *foie gras parfait* brought from Strasburg, and sunk in golden Madeira jelly. Ices—black or white (the black ones were made of morella cherries), crab *soufflé*, and oysters by the dozen were other supper features, all served on silver plates.

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The dinner-party given by Lady Esher at 21, Hill Street before the dance was very young and definitely brilliant—not only from the social point of view. Lord Duncannon, son of Lord Bessborough, is a first-class Shakespearean actor, whose Romeo and Hamlet are both real theatrical achievements; and Miss Jennifer Fry, daughter of Sir Geoffrey Fry, is not afraid to be intelligent as well as pretty. She works three days a week as a member of Mrs. Baldwin's secretarial staff—just for fun, you understand. Mr. Guy Branch, who also dined, is a young man of parts. He is a musician, and ran a newspaper called *Motley* when at Eton.

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The floodlights at the Esher dance were hidden in the crystal chandeliers in order to show up the painted ceilings—not to put the débutantes in the limelight.

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The United Border Hunts February Meeting managed to take place this year—quite surprisingly, after its failure to materialise for two years in succession on account of wintry weather. Brilliant sunshine gladdened the eyes, but didn't do much

else, I 'm told, for there was such a nip in the air that the braziers were well attended between races. So was the "Hospitality Tent," where Major and Mrs. Marshall, of Cherrytrees, entertained for lunch, tea, and assorted drinks—there was something to suit every palate.

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Scottish racing enthusiasts have to work for their sport. Mr. Fenwick, of Brinkburn Priory, and his two younger girls motored about eighty miles to get to Kelso, and thought nothing of the expedition. Sir Duncan Hay and his vivacious wife, "Vinna," had a picnic lunch-party. She is always popular, but the fact that she told friends to back Kaffir III., which duly won at threes, made her even more beloved that day.

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Lady Stratheden, whose tweeds were among the best seen, was tempting Providence by saying what a fine open winter has been enjoyed by Scottish fox-hunters. There 's still March ahead!

MISS DORIS JENKS, MISS PEGGY GORDON MOORE, MISS VERA HILL-COLE, and MISS PATRICIA DANE arranged to take part in the Pageant of British Industries at the Dinner Ball in connection with the "B.I.F." in London. They appeared in their costumes at the rehearsal at-home given by Mrs. Gordon Moore.

The EARL OF HADDINGTON rode his Prencraik in the Morebattle Handicap at the United Border Hunts Steeplechases at Kelso.

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Film premières have usurped first place as smart social functions. Theatrical first-nights seldom equal them in brilliance; and now all social prophets assure me that the opening of the Curzon Cinema on March 6 is going to be the smartest affair of next week. The list of those expected lends colour to the idea, as Mrs. Dudley Ward is taking a party of twelve, Lord and Lady Reading are going, as well as Sir "Buffles" Milbanke and his lovely wife, Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Mount Temple, Mrs. Richard Norton and her sister-in-law, "Kay," and Mr. Arthur Bendir. If you want a more representative list of "well-knowns"—well, you 're sure difficult, sweetie!

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They 're all going to see a programme which includes Mickey Mouse in "The Opry House" and the notable Viennese picture, "Unfinished Symphony," and also to find out what surprises in lighting and decoration the Marquis de Casa-Maury has thought of this time. There will be no disappointed faces.

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More signs of "good trade" were to be observed at the Warren Gallery, where I found a great many of Charles Winzer's drawings and lithographs marked "Sold" by lunch-time on private view day! The collection is small, but interesting. Mr. Winzer has travelled far and wide, and the present show records some of the scenes of his journeys. He has lived in Ceylon, visited Nepal, and is familiar with most of the European countries. He studied in Paris and lived there at one time, though since his return from Ceylon he has settled in Venice. He speaks many languages fluently, and has friends of every nationality.

Incidentally, the British Museum has a set of his lithographs, though they are not as generally known as they ought to be. Princesse Murat, Mr. Evan Morgan, and Mrs. Trefusis are private collectors who all own examples of his work, and there are some in the Museum of Western Art, Moscow.

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Some three hundred and fifty guests attended Lady Lisburne's "small dance." These included a battalion of good-looking chaperons — mostly too young to remain rooted to the "rout seats" round the wall all evening! The hostess herself (who was the loveliest person present) realised this fact, as "grown-up" men in the forties had been provided to partner the dancing mothers, in addition to the crowds of very young, like Lord Townshend and Mr. Paravicini. Lady Lisburne danced, so did Mrs. Phillipi and Clare, Lady Cowley.

MRS. DOUGLAS-BATE arranged to wear a Victorian style nightdress in the Lingerie Parade at the British Industries Dinner Ball. She carried a lighted candle, to add realism to her costume.

The flowers at the Lisburne party were lovely, especially the mossy bank, with spring flowers apparently growing out of it, on the drawing-room mantelpiece. All the débutantes were there; most of them had resisted the halo fashion and few wore make-up. Mrs. Hamilton-Wedderburn told me that her girl has five dances a week for the next three weeks! What a pre-Season canter we are having!

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Lady (Gifford) Fox is to be congratulated on her sky-blue velvet and head-dress consisting of a rampart of plaited pale-blue ostrich fronds to match. It 's my best fashion note of the week.

LADY DALE organised a Lingerie Parade at the British Industries Dinner Ball, fixed for February 27. She is shown arranging the shoulder-straps for MISS MIKI HOOD, at the rehearsal at-home.

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The Schnabel-Beecham programme naturally filled the Queen's Hall on Thursday. We travelled from "The Hebrides" (Mendelssohn) *via* the North country interpreted by Delius to our own Vaughan Williams' "London Symphony," and the journey with so superb a conductor was delightful. The descriptive music, the "wind on the heath, brother," and Mendelssohn's rush and roar of the sea inside Fingal's Cave on Staffa, left me with a refreshed and breezy feeling like that produced by a change of air. MARIEGOLD.

ALL ON THE CREST OF THE WAVE.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN stopped to look at the life-like representation of the LOCH NESS MONSTER during her tour of the BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR at Olympia. T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke of Gloucester are behind her Majesty.

The Queen has lent a LETTER-WEIGHT WORKED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES to the Needlework Exhibition at 15, Portman Square. It is signed on the back, "E.P. 1932." The Queen's initials are adapted from a piece of Elizabethan work at Windsor Castle.

The CAMBRIDGE CREW for the WOMEN'S INTER-'VARSITY BOAT-RACE was chosen last week, and consists of the Misses K. M. Green (bow), S. G. Harrison, E. Cotton, H. Guest, M. Packer, M. K. Barnes, C. E. England, C. D. Phipps (stroke), and C. M. Simpson (cox). They are seen practising for the race over a mile course on the Cam on March 10. All the crew are at Newnham, as Girton does not row.

H.M. THE KING OF SWEDEN, who entered in the lawn tennis tournament at Beaulieu as "Mr. G." (his usual incognito), partnered MISS JOAN RIDLEY in the mixed handicap doubles. He is the grandfather of Prince Sigvard, who is shown with his fiancée, Fräulein Erika Patzek, on another page.

MRS. GLADYS CALTHROP, who designed Yvonne Printemps' clothes and the décor in Noel Coward's "Conversation Piece," is an air pilot and has just completed her Blind-Flying Course at Heston. She flew her designs for Mlle. Printemps' dresses over to Paris to be made up there.

The marriage of MR. STEPHEN FRY, son of Commander C. B. Fry, the famous cricketer, to MISS GLADYS YVONNE BLUNT, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Blunt, of New Jersey, U.S.A., took place at the Sanctuary, Basil Street, last week. COMMANDER C. B. FRY is seen on the left.

SPRING SUNSHINE FOR WINTER SPORT.

MISS ROSEMARY VILLIERS, daughter of Lady Victoria Villiers; MISS KEARLEY, and MISS BAKER were discussing the sport when the photographer took them.

(Right) MISS IRIS JENNINGS (left) is here seen with LADY NUGENT, the wife of Sir Hugh Nugent, Bt. Spring sunshine made the racing at Newbury very pleasant.

LADY FIONA FULLER was, as usual, one of the best-turned-out women present. She is the wife of Sir Gerard Fuller, Bt.

MISS FIELDEN, LADY MOWBRAY, LADY MOUNT, and a friend were talking in the paddock when this snapshot was taken. Lady Mount was Miss Nance Llewellyn.

MISS BURNS and MISS LAMBTON (right) were among the young girls who attended the February 'Chasing Meeting at Newbury, which was held in lovely weather.

MARLOWE BY THE O.U.D.S.: "DOCTOR FAUSTUS" SCENES AND ACTORS.

MISS SYLVIA COLERIDGE played the Duchess of Vanholt (the only speaking part for a woman) in the O.U.D.S. production of Christopher Marlowe's "THE TRAGICALL HISTORIE OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS," at the Town Hall, Oxford, last week. Mr. Gyles Isham (now Henry VIII. in "The Rose Without a Thorn") produced the play, and his handling of it was extremely successful. Last week we gave a full-page portrait of Miss Primrose Salt in her costume for Helen of Troy—a silent rôle.

This scene shows MR. R. F. FELTON as Dr. Faustus, MR. P. GLENVILLE as Mephistopheles, and MR. D. KARAKA as Belzebub. Mr. D. Karaka (Lincoln) is a very interesting personality, as he is the first Indian student to become President of the Oxford Union.

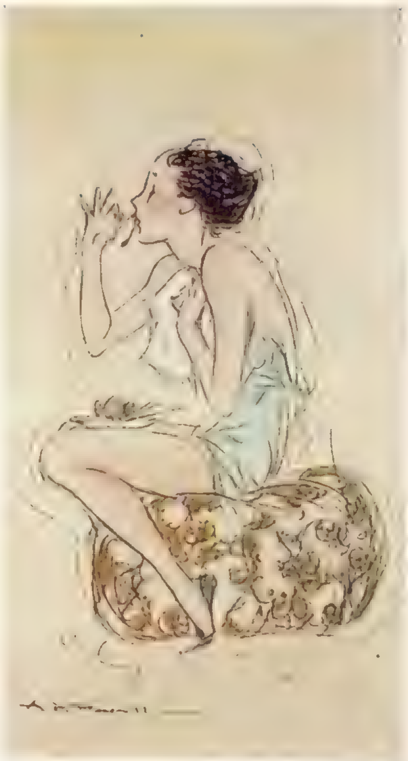
MR. R. F. FELTON (Balliol) gave a fine performance as Faustus. He suggested skilfully a mind more attracted by the power that comes through knowledge than by mere wealth and sensuous enjoyment, and well controlled the display of horror in the end. During April a broadcast of "Doctor Faustus" has been arranged for the National programme. Mr. Gyles Isham and Mr. Val Gielgud will produce the wireless version and the cast will be the O.U.D.S. one.

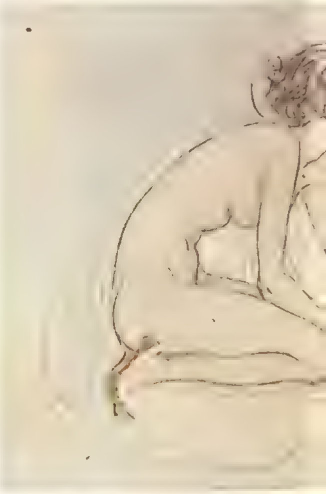
THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS are here seen. They are Pride (D. Campkin; University), Covetousness (D. M. Hopkinson; University), Wrath (N. Hutchison; Christ Church), Envy (R. A. G. Pearce; Balliol), Gluttony (R. H. Waldman; Pembroke), Sloth (B. I. Royal-Dawson; Merton), and Lechery (A. V. Panting; Christ Church).

"HEIL GRAN'POP!"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

N.B.—THE FOURTEENTH OF THE NEW "SKETCH" SERIES OF S





" DELIKATE

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH"

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the offices of this

ESSEN ! "

I" BY A. K. MACDONALD.

is paper (346, Strand, W.C.2.) at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage 6d. extra.

CATHERINE THE GREAT BERGNER.

MISS ELISABETH BERGNER'S triumph as Catherine in the film "CATHERINE THE GREAT" has exceeded even the most optimistic of expectations. MR DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JNR., plays opposite to her as her husband, Peter III.

[illegible]

GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

The HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL, the HON. MRS. JAMES BECK, and the MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD were snapped together when the Quorn met at Frisby-on-the-Wreake. Mrs. Greenall was Miss Joyce Laycock; Mrs. Beck is Lord Glenconner's sister; and Lady Blandford is the Duke of Marlborough's daughter-in-law.

From Leicestershire.

The outlook is desperate unless something happens soon to soften the ground, and rain seems farther off than ever. The only humidity allowed is provided by fog, which is hardly helpful. All the same, sport has been far from bad for those with patience and sound horses; both these necessities are rapidly diminishing. The Cottesmore announced a good-bye day from Market Overton, but next morning at Owston they were fog-bound and had to go to Berry Gorse for a clear patch. Meanwhile the Belvoir were having their after-the-ball meet at Whatton, and played hide-and-seek in the mist with various Elton foxes. The first part of the Quorn's Old Dalby day was very dull, and many people went home convinced that nothing could be done But they were forgetting the faithful Bridget; her gorse was not found wanting, and a good hour's hunt finished in the open in proper fashion.

MISS DIANA CLARKE and MISS PEGGY GERARD LEIGH were out with the Quorn when they met at Frisby-on-the-Wreake.

More Midnight Follies. In spite of the fog, Scalford Hall was well filled for the Belvoir Wire Ball, which was most enjoyable and done to a turn by *mère et filles* Harrison. The chief social note was struck by Lady Ursula Manners, as this was her first grown-up evening outing in the country; she is, in the simple language of the hunting field, "a smasher" to look at and charming withal. Her mother, the Duchess of Rutland, drew for the prizes in the lucky dip, and it seemed only fair that Mrs. Paynter should be compensated for her mumps by winning the evening dress. Mr. George Beeby carried off the General's cartridges, and Mrs. Teddy Brook was the better for a pair of Jodhpurs. It is not known how the knotty point of bonus breeches won by "Mrs. Payne-Gallwey" will be solved, when both mother and daughter have the same name, nor did we hear what the young man in the Harlaxton party proposed to do with his free "perm."

Spree From Sproxton. Waiting about in the sunshine looked like being the sole amusement for the Belvoir Wednesday field, one after the other of their most promising coverts being blank. On arrival at Stonesby Ashes everyone was torpid and only waiting to be put out of their misery, when a galvanising holloa brought them back to life. Hounds went off hot-foot and got a good lead by swinging unexpectedly right-handed; then it was catch them who could, for they raced towards Bescaby, then hunted on to Saltby Heath, crossed the main road into Denton, and so to Croxton Banks before running beautifully into Croxton Park, where foxy got to ground. It seemed a pity to kill him after giving so good a hunt, but the ladies deserved their tea, and those who survived were delighted with the ride. Many fell by the way, and once down they were done for; Lady Irene Clark's cries for help brought many gallant assistants. Luckily she was not hurt, and they missed the chase in vain; Mr. Peter Paget was counted out at the second fence, and Mrs. Toby Greenall gave her face a nasty gash. Lady Bute, Lady Chesterfield, and Lady Cicily Hardy all seemed glad they 'd come, and Colonel Denis Bingham was another importation.

A "Beaufortshire" Budget.

Wonders will never cease, and, though we are still basking in summer sunshine, so that hunting-kit is oppressive, and Lido-ish garments would be a boon if permissible, hounds have suddenly started to run in the most inexplicable way, considering the conditions, so we 've had the most exciting and strenuous times, and are hot but happy! Harking back to the Rodmarton day, that was otherwise; but it had its humours. Only a *Punch* artist could have adequately portrayed the expressions on the faces of the Trull fox and the guileless field when they confronted each other at such close quarters! Then there was the Awful Incident at Carter's Bottom! The sudden noise and commotion brought the whole crowd pressing forrard, "the better to see"—and hear! Well, they *did*! *Not* "Who-whoop!" either; but something much less to their advantage! And the outburst of titters and smiles was quickly smothered under the glare of the Official Eye, which was fierce and fixed!

LADY REYNOLDS was out on foot when the Quorn met at Old Dalby Hall. She had no hat, but her greyhound wore his coat!

Ash Wednesday brought quite a fashionable crowd to Swallett's Gate, and after a dull morning they were literally warmed up well by the afternoon jolly in the vale, when they all enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent, in a big circle round Miles's Gorse and Dauntsey, where the fences are assailable any-old-where and the rails *do* crack if luck is with you! The day ended where it began, at Great Wood, the fox putting a good distance, plus the railway, between himself and further pursuit, when the setting sun warned it was time to knock off. Friday was only saved by the final dart with a fox out of a tree at Dodington, when the bitches, away on his brush, raced him to Dyrham and bowled him over.

The Run of the Season. Saturday's story was one great thrill. It was the run of the season, from Bincombe to Upper Combe, with actually a six-mile point, which is something in such a season! Moreover, it was straight *and* fast! Some people got rather lost in the fog, which was just sufficient to disconcert those who made a bad turn or got a bit behind; but, on the whole, people "stuck together," and so got through satisfactorily. The second hunt was very good fun, too, the fox hailing from "Simon's Gorse" and taking us right away to the Fosse between Brokenborough and Shipton Moyne. We were all terribly sorry for Major Noel Wilson's bad luck, as his hunter dropped dead under him half-way through this hunt.

Fun in the Bushton Vale. The Bushton Vale was at last the scene of the utmost animation on Monday, when Tom and the doghounds pulled it off with a two-hour hunt over all the best of it! It was fast at times and slow at others, which gave the pursuit a necessary "breather" now and then, competition over the obstacles being brisk and bright. It was more or less circular, but the course was over at least a dozen miles, and they had their fox at the finish. Our Joint-Master's little mischance was soon righted by the Salvage Corps, who, advantaging themselves of the fact that it was "dry" fishing, were able to restore the horse, sandwich-case, spectacles, purse, and any other impedimenta scattered, quite successfully.

THE AMATEURS IN MODERN DRAMA AND LIGHT OPERA.

"THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN," the exciting murder drama by Bayard Veiller, was given at the Fortune Theatre by the WESTMINSTER BANK DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC SOCIETY. The three acts are all laid in the Court room. Miss Marjorie Chapman played Mary Dugan (seated right); Miss Nancy Breukelman was Mrs. Edgar Rice; Mr. Rex Burnett was Jimmy Dugan; and Mr. Stanley Norman was Edward West.

The PALL MALL PLAYERS (Cox's and King's Branch of Lloyds Bank) gave "THE QUAKER GIRL" in the Guildhall School of Music Theatre. Our photograph shows the scene in an English country village in Act I. Miss Iris Jelley was Prudence; Mr. A. L. O. Wray played Jeremiah; Mr. A. G. Barber was Captain Charteris; and Mr. R. B. C. Vincent was Tony Chute.

"VIKTORIA AND HER HUSSAR" was chosen by the MIDLAND BANK OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY for their twenty-ninth production, at the Scala Theatre. This is the Japanese scene, with Miss E. P. Marie Wilsher as O Lia San.

One of the scenes in "VIKTORIA AND HER HUSSAR" is set in Petrograd. Viktoria (Miss Ethel L. Allworthy) is on the left; Koltay (Mr. Eric Richardson) is turning towards her (centre); John Carling (Mr. Ronald E. Thornicroft) is in evening dress (right centre); and Janzci (Mr. Arthur Stead) is next to him.

NELL GWYN.—*From a Peter Lely Portrait.*

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE, our brilliant and newly-knighted actor, is playing the part of Charles II. in the coming production of the British and Dominions film "Nell Gwyn," opposite to MISS ANNA NEAGLE, in the name-part. Mr. Herbert Wilcox, the producer, originally intended to cast an American actor for the King. He changed his mind recently.

SIR CEDRIC'S CHARLES II.—ANNA NEAGLE'S NELLY.

CHARLES II.—*From a Contemporary Portrait.*

THE LELY REPRODUCTION BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. (CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

JACK HULBERT AHOY-ING AFTER THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

"JACK AHOY!", at the Tivoli, presents MR. JACK HULBERT as a rich man's son serving in the Navy as an A.B., a lowly position which makes his courtship of the Admiral's daughter very complicated—especially when he valets the Admiral with astounding clumsiness! Bandits in the China Seas add a spice of adventure to this nautical love-story. In order to defeat them, Jack has to disguise himself as a Chinese. In one of our photographs he is complete with a Celestial moustache. He is also seen in the submarine with the Admiral (ALFRED DRAYTON) and his daughter, Patricia (NANCY O'NEIL). The two large heads show MISS NANCY O'NEIL (left), the heroine, and MISS TAMARA DESNI, Concita, the "Vamp."

"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE," *the Paramount picture directed by Cecil B. de Mille, at the Plaza, is the story of a quartet of travellers who leave their steamer to flee from the bubonic plague, only to run into cholera; and are thus forced to undertake a hazardous journey through the territory of hostile natives.* MISS CLAUDETTE COLBERT *plays the bespectacled school-teacher, Judy Jones, and* MISS MARY BOLAND *is the energetic lady lecturer, Mrs. Mardick.*

JUDY GOES PRIMITIVE: "FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE."

Judy (CLAUDETTE COLBERT) throws off the inhibitions of civilisation and becomes an attractive woman. Ainger (HERBERT MARSHALL) and she fall in love.

Stewart Corder (WILLIAM GARGAN), world-famous newspaper-man, also falls in love with the transformed Judy (CLAUDETTE COLBERT).

Mrs. Mardick (MARY BOLAND) is captured by natives, who eventually accept a sack of rice as her ransom. Mrs. Mardick is a self-confident lady lecturer, surprised at the low value set on her by the natives!

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" proposal of marriage. Mélanie (YVONNE PRINTEMPS) embodies in a little song her exclusive love for her guardian, Paul, Duc de Chaucigny-Varennes (NOEL COWARD). Paul, who, alone, has suspected nothing of the kind, is astounded.

BRIGHTON around the Aquarium of the early Georges. Brighton gay with colour, gayer with society, gayest with the demi-reps and their ogling followers. These scenes in "CONVERSATION PIECE" (His Majesty's) by that quadruple genius, Noel Coward, dramatist, composer, producer, actor, are the lovely frames; so are the interiors, rich in structure, massive in the beautiful Empire furniture—I take off my hat to Mrs. G. E. Calthrop. As for the piece, it is what our author disarmingly describes it in its title; nothing more, but a pleasing *fait divers* adorned, illustrated, developed in word and effigy. It is the romance of a French pauper Duke and his ward—*soi-disant* a lady, but actually picked up in a cabaret of the time. He hopes to fill his purse by her rich marriage; she scandalises Brighton Society by her Bohemian "goings on," frustrates the wooing of a young nobleman, throws all her chances to the winds, because — old story—she is in love with her guardian. Charmingly told, this affair of no importance looms big on our interest because the episodical music is attractive, the pictures are superb, and the acting of the two main parts is vivid, intense, and exquisite, as only two artists like Noel Coward and Yvonne Printemps can make it. He is a fine *grand seigneur;* she, who with that adorable voice that in her very first *leitmotif* song created a perennial echo and made the whole house reverberate with tumultuous excitement, is like her name, the essence of all that is fresh, beautiful, blossoming. We have not one such lightsome nightingale—not one—for our Marie Burke stands on the high plane of grand opera, and this sweet French *enfant de la balle* teaches all of our musical-comedy ladies a lesson of how to turn a film of a voice into a moving instrument; how to enunciate even in a foreign language—her English is exotic, but not bad—and how to flit across the stage in walk, pace, and dance with unspeakable grace. She did not only conquer our intense interest, she laid straight siege to all hearts—men's and women's. No wonder that, at the end, she broke into tears. For the applause was rhapsodic. With a salaam to Miss Irene Brown, Miss Heather Thatcher, Miss Betty Shale, Mr. Athole Stewart, and Mr. Louis Hayward, the only actors who had a chance, and to the quartette who sang the clever folk-lore songs, I must pay a real compliment to Mr. C. B. Cochran, who has once more scored as our astutest Manager.

This is good, strong, typically American stuff—this "SUCCESS STORY" which, worthy of its name, brought first luck to the Shilling Theatre, and now fills the empty spot left by the unfortunate "Birthday" at the Cambridge. To be candid, many of the commercial details of the story escape us—these financial "confabs" are always tedious when handled by English actors who play fast and loose with the American accent and lingo. Why don't they speak forthright English? The mixture makes a tiresome Tower of Babel. Apart from this, the story is interesting. It is the great adventure of the little Jew-boy, a plodder, a plotter, who enters the service of a limited company with the firm determination to become its all-powerful dictator. By scheming, by his ingenuity, his colossal energy, his unscrupulousness, he succeeds. He ousts his former boss and even marries the latter's mistress, whose perfume and personality fires his senses; while he leaves the little secretary who adores (and understands) him—in the cold. But when he has become a magnate in the fallacious heaven where money purchases everything, he finds that there is one thing beyond the dreams of avarice—his erstwhile little sweetheart teaches him that—namely, love; and the end is tragedy. In the third act the drama is truly tense, and rendered with great gusto by Mr. Esme Percy, Miss Beatrix Lehmann and Miss Jeanne de Casalis. Mr. Percy's performance is altogether a big creation, modelled on life. I have known such financial "gangsters" when I was in New York. Mr. Percy deservedly got an ovation.

"O vent! si l'hiver vient, se peut-il que Le Printemps soit loin?"—A simple study of MLLE. YVONNE PRINTEMPS as Mélanie du Café Chantant, with an airy line of Shelley "traduisé en Français," as they say in "CONVERSATION PIECE," at His Majesty's.

"Ripping" is the right word for that delightful show which is "DICK WHITTINGTON," at the Hippodrome—it ripped along like an aeroplane, it ripped one inside out by endless guffaws. For this time the text is really witty — burbling with good lines—and the story has head, tail, and middle to it. It is our old legend up to date and identified with that prince of comedians, dancers, mimics, and, not to be forgotten, charmeurs, Jack Buchanan, a host in himself; in fact, fifty per cent. of the play. Two of the scenes are so witty and so pleasantly satirical that they alone will form an attraction. I refer to the parody of Peter Pan, when Jack dreams of policemen flitting around the sculpture in Kensington Gardens and his devoted head in endless gyrations; and the County Council meeting wherein a good many hard hits are clipped on our *patres conscripti.* All that is delightful and delightfully interwoven with song and dance by Jack Buchanan and Miss Elsie Randolph, his partner and his peer; by a sweet little thing—Jack's sweetheart — nicely played by Miss Kathleen Gibson; and by those fruity comedians, Messrs. Alfred Drayton and Fred Emney.

"Dear Miss Rita John—I admire your enterprise and your imagination, but I fear it is a case of fifty-fifty—fifty per cent. Provincial stuff to be jettisoned with part of the mordant satire on 'Richard of Bordeaux,' which seems to me to be in indifferent taste; and fifty per cent. West End material which has charm and a fair modicum of wit, and may lead your revue to success.—

"YOURS SINCERELY."

P.S.—Four clever comedians share the honours; in the top drawer, Miss Viola Tree, delicious in a parody of Cinderella's good fairy, equally so as a witty commère, full of cute and improvised faults and countless other impromptus; next, Miss Louise Browne, charmeuse, danseuse, diseuse, a capital variety-artiste in every sense of the word; Miss Binnie Barnes, a gay little spark; and those two excellent comedians, Miss Hilda Mundy and Mr. Billy Caryll—he so buoyant, so versatile, so quick-silvery, so exuberant that from time to time he breaks the bounds; but they are a delightful couple. Special features of this revue are the ear-coaxing music under the clever baton of Mr. Harry Acres and his capital band, and the cavalcade of dancers led by Miss Louise Browne and that amazing acrobatic choreographist, Mr. Freddie Carpenter.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"EAST, West—Home 's Best" would seem to be the motto of "AS HUSBANDS GO" (Capitol), a sentimental story in which a girl who looks for romance in Europe eventually finds it with her husband, who—in spite of the title—stays at home while his wife does the gallivanting. This Helen Hayes type of rôle is bravely essayed by Miss Helen Vinson, a promising young actress, but one who as yet lacks the experience and the range of emotion to make it convincing. Mr. Warner Baxter, on the other hand, is happily cast as the fireside husband, and, forsaking his customary suave sophistication, is not afraid to let himself go. Mr. Warner Oland similarly breaks new ground as an epigrammatical foil far removed from the exotic figure of Charlie Chan. But this theme is one which demands light handling if it is to be lifted above the level of the penny novelette, and its development is handicapped by the dialogue, which lacks sparkle and is often unnecessarily verbose.

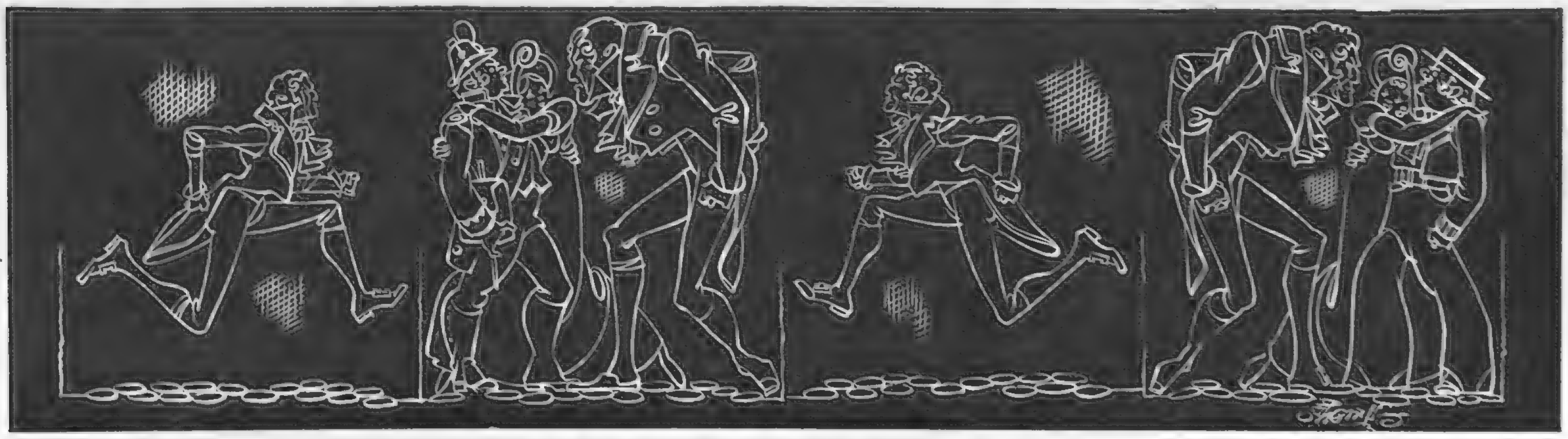
Philo Vance returns in all his sleek urbanity to solve "THE KENNEL MURDER CASE," at the Regal. Students of detective fiction in general, and of S. S. Van Dine in particular, will find their author very fairly represented in this drama of crime and investigation, where the character of the murdered man is so unpleasant that quite half-a-dozen "suspects" have a very good reason for killing him. Clues also abound and the plot thickens at every turn, till its consistency blocks all channels with soup-like persistence. But the famous "psychological" method of the master-detective acts like a magic strainer, and it all ends as clear as day—*consommé* becomes *julienne*—with wedding bells for two and handcuffs for one. Mr. William Powell, who has long made Philo Vance his own, gives a characteristic and polished performance, mercifully avoiding the grosser affectations of his literary prototype. Mr. Eugene Pallette represents the law at its most obtuse, the better to show up the amateur's brilliance; while Messrs. Ralph Morgan and Paul Cavanagh head a supporting cast which is uniformly good, not forgetting the successful screen début of the Scotch terrier, "Captain." So involved a plot required exceptionally keen direction, and high praise must go to Mr. Michael Curtiz for his firm handling of a sequence which might easily have gone astray.

The supporting film at the Regal is "EVER IN MY HEART," which stars Miss Barbara Stanwyck as an American girl of New England stock who marries a German against the wishes of her parents. The war breaks out, and racial prejudice reaches its height when the *Lusitania* is torpedoed and the United States declares against Germany. The reactions of the young couple to the social boycott which finally leads to their separation are logically developed, and an unhappy but admirable ending is not shirked by the forthright producer. It must take courage to wind up a tragic story with a suicide pact. The acting honours go almost entirely to Mr. Otto Kruger, whose sensitive and sympathetic performance persuades us to forgive the occasional sentimental lapses in the treatment of this war story from an unusual point of view.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" refusal of marriage. Mélanie (YVONNE PRINTEMPS), a twig of the aristocratic family tree of the genuine du Café Chantants, blights the gentlemanly hopes of the young English milord, the Marquess of Sheere (LOUIS HAYWARD).

We turn from the stern realities of war to find that peace also hath her victories—notably "JACK AHOY!" at the Tivoli, which stars Mr. Jack Hulbert, under the direction of Walter Forde, and aided and abetted by the British Navy. Planned on the usual Hulbert lines, this extravaganza of battle-ships and Chinese pirates is woven round the fervid passion of Jack, the gentleman A.B., for the Admiral's daughter, with opportunities for disguise and interludes of song and dance. The final scenes, when Jack handles—or, rather, mishandles—a full-blown submarine almost single-handed, are quite up to that volatile hero's standard of irresponsibility and are a credit to the studio technicians. Essentially a "star" vehicle, this does not offer much scope to the feminine element, but Miss Nancy O'Neil as the Admiral's daughter and Miss Tamara Desni as an exotic vamp fill their respective rôles with competence and charm.

The title of Miss E. Arnot Robertson's novel is in itself an exciting invitation to an adventure film, but apart from this and the Malayan settings, there is little of the book left in "FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE" (Plaza), starring Miss Claudette Colbert, Miss Mary Boland, Mr. Herbert Marshall, and Mr. William Gargan. The original plot, which dealt starkly with the tribulations of a little party fleeing from plague to cut its lonely way through a hostile jungle, is here devitalised by the eternal triangle, thereby losing most of its significance and suspense. Despite the admirable authenticity of the tropical setting and the performance of the four principals, it is hard to forgive the adapters for neglecting the dramatic possibilities of what should have been a really exciting film.



"Consternation Piece" from "CONVERSATION PIECE." Paul, Duc de Chaucigny-Varennes (NOEL COWARD), the elderly guardian of Mélanie du Café Chantant, suddenly realises that he loves his ward. In dumb agony he rushes about the public places of Brighton. He accosts lovers who are strangers to him. His emotion prevents his telling it to the Marines (illustration No. 2 in our frieze); while (see Illustration No. 4) he remembers that sailors don't care, anyway. He continues to rush around.

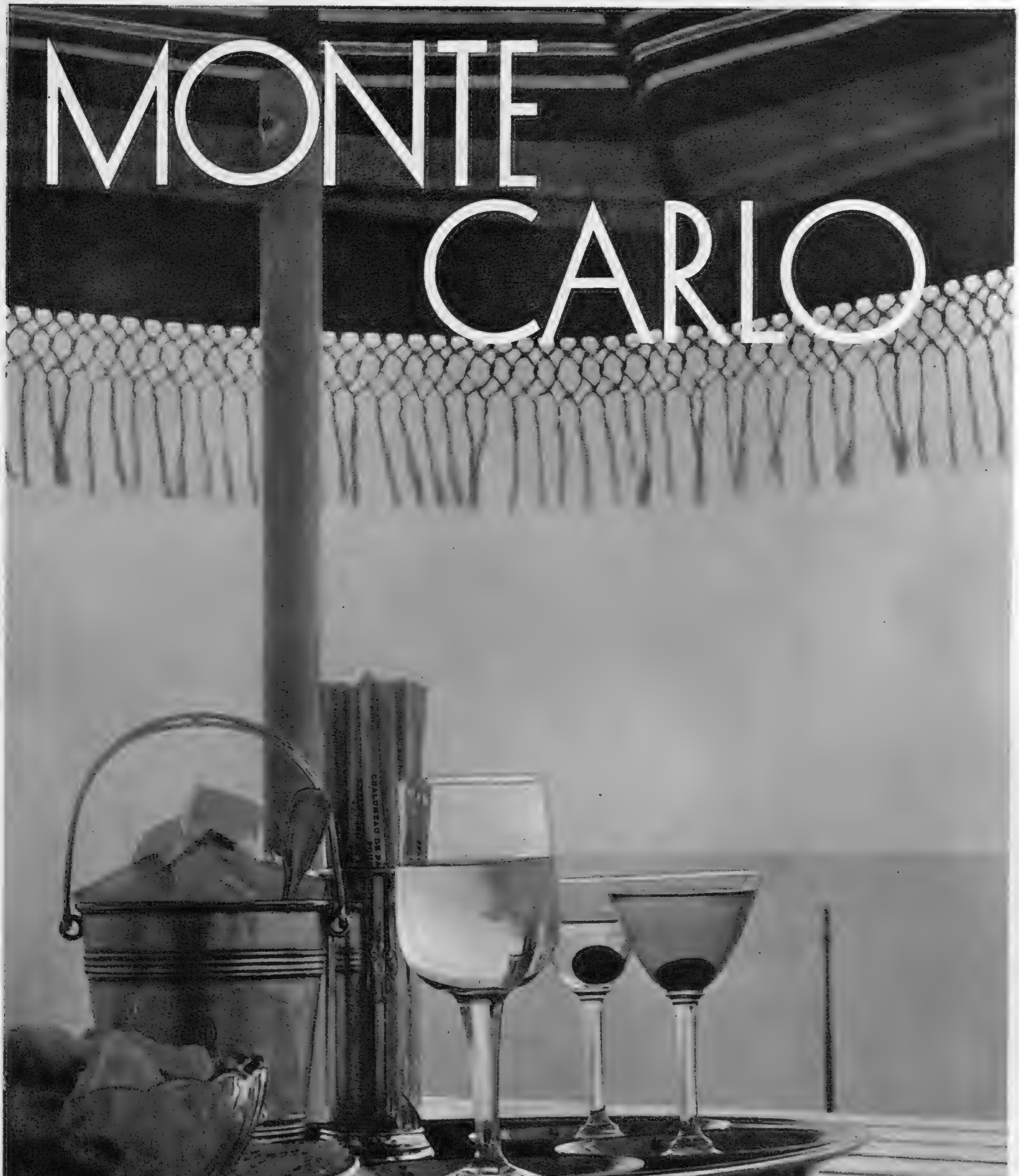
Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XII.

It has just been announced that Mr. C. B. Cochran hopes to arrange for the famous Shochiku Revue to visit London in the autumn. This photograph gives a general view of one of the scenes in this Japanese production. The Nippon girls look very piquante in their Western attire, which includes some Victorian dresses.

NIPPON GIRLS FOR LONDON: JAPAN'S SHOCHIKU REVUE.

A number in bathing-dresses is one of the attractions in the famous Japanese Shochiku Revue, "Merry-Go-Round," which has been played at Osaka in the Shochiku Revue Theatre. If the famous Japanese Shochiku girls come to London they will provide a theatrical novelty certain to create a furore.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "SHIMBUN RENGO."



● "Beyond, the deep blue sea, placid and mute . . . a knock at the door. A smiling waiter—an apéritif, with Monsieur's compliments. Nectar. A queer feeling round the heart. A thrill of the pulse. The fading away of the manacles of depression. The coming of the spirit of Gaiety."

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

YOU COULD BE THERE TOMORROW,
and stay at a good hotel from ten shillings a day

ANNA MAY WONG FOR "CHU - CHIN - CHOW."

Plans for the screen version of "CHU - CHIN - CHOW" are now well advanced. Walter Forde is directing for Gaumont-British, and ANNA MAY WONG, the fascinating American-Chinese actress, plays Zaharat, the beautiful but treacherous slave-girl who is in league with Hassan the Robber. George Robey is to be the Ali Baba; and we are promised a spectacular picture version of the play by Oscar Asche, with music by Frederic Norton, which ran at His Majesty's Theatre for 2238 performances. The circular photograph shows Miss Wong in a "Chu-Chin-Chow" costume.

STUDIO - PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL TANQUERAY.

MATITA in a riverside setting.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

JOSEPH CONRAD has been a little out of fashion the last few years, but he still has his disciples, and among them none is more distinguished than Mr. Graham Greene. Not that Mr. Greene is an imitator. His attitude towards life, as expressed in his latest novel, "It 's a Battlefield," differs widely from Conrad's. Conrad was a romantic and an individualist. His characters live in the expectation of an ideal happiness, and are only cheated of it by Fate or by the remorseful consciousness of something base or unworthy in themselves. It is themselves they blame when anything goes wrong; as Lord Jim did, they allow their lives to be poisoned by the memory of some personal inadequacy in a moment of crisis. And if they have a grievance against Destiny, it is Destiny in the abstract, blind Destiny that has nothing to do with the meaner malice of man, though it may sometimes choose man as its instrument. "Plain" Mr. Jones and his "secretary," Mr. Martin Ricardo, brought tragedy to Axel Heyst, but they did not do it out of their private malevolence. They did it simply because they were mischievous, impersonal agents of destruction, against whom, as against an elemental force, Heyst was powerless. He scored a "victory" over evil in virtue of his beautiful spirit, which leaves behind it an image of beauty to enrich the mind; but in the struggle for happiness he was defeated.

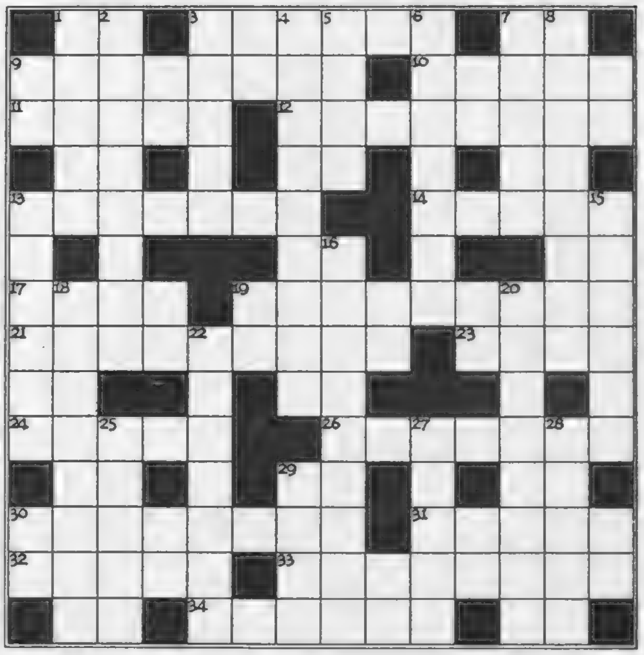
"It 's a Battlefield." Mr. Graham Greene, being a child of his age, is not ready to accept the conception of an evil principle let loose on the world and seeking for its victims the more sensitive and spiritually developed members of the human race. He sees life as a battlefield, but it is a battlefield where "ignorant armies clash by night." In his latest novel the issues are never clearly defined. Drover, the bus-driver, has committed a murder. In the excitement of a political demonstration he knifed a policeman who, he believed, was going to strike his wife. Everyone, the Commissioner of Police included, admitted that Drover had some provocation. But the political situation was ugly; Drover was a Communist, and the question arose: if the death sentence were commuted, would it be taken as a sign of weakness or would it further inflame public opinion, or would it actually strengthen the Government's hand? This was what the Commissioner of Police—an overworked official worried by other murders, as yet unsolved—wanted to know. The personal aspect of Drover's case interested him not at all. But naturally it interested Drover's wife and it interested his brother Conrad—a neurotic weakling with a torturing inferiority-complex. And through them it affected others. But no two persons saw the case from quite the same angle, and their reactions to it make a criss-cross pattern in which the Commissioner of Police, Conrad, and the condemned man's wife are the most constant and noticeable strands. Even they are worried rather than stimulated by the fight for Drover's reprieve. Milly Drover, it is true, strains every nerve to get signatures for the petition, and the scene in which she canvasses the murdered man's wife is one of the finest in the book. Yet even in this episode the conflict, impinging on the neurotic consciousness of the policeman's widow, appears in an unexpected form. Instead of the dramatic interchange we looked for, we find Milly first pleading, then bullying, and finally bargaining with the woman to get her to set her hand to the petition—like a lawyer trying to persuade an obstinate and feeble-minded person to sign her will. Milly's singular decision to let Conrad become her lover is another abnormal product of the Drover Case; and Conrad's attempt to prove his manhood, and assert his importance, by murder, is the strangest of all. In nearly all the characters the springs of action have been corrupted at the source; they have never "truly felt or strongly willed"; they are muddled and befogged, not knowing what they want or how to get it, labouring, most of them, under an obscure sense of social grievances, but too neurotic and inert to redress them, seeking relief in vague, almost meaningless, and yet desperate gestures.

A Master of Technique. Compared to the characters one meets in Conrad, they are a shabby, devitalised, and pitiable company. Yet we never fail to feel interested in them or to admire the technical skill with which Mr. Graham Greene exhibits them. Like Conrad, he is a master of chiaroscuro, and the example of the cinema has enabled him to develop his art to perfection. We get snapshots of the characters from every angle, and they are seen in every possible gradation of light, from brightest sunshine to deepest shadow. As in the pictures of Rembrandt, it is shadow that prevails. Nearly all Mr. Graham Greene's books are nocturnal; on the last page we get the sensation of emerging from a tunnel. "It 's a Battlefield" should add to his reputation; it is, as usual, extremely well written, and it shows exceptional insight into the morbid intricacies of a dozen dissimilar natures. It is very grim throughout. Humour would be out of place in a story like this, but one wishes that there were occasional lapses in Mr. Greene's seriousness. His irony only serves to deepen it and increase the tension. He holds the reins of his art a little too lightly; it would respond more spontaneously if they sometimes hung loose.

"The Mother." I am very glad that Mrs. Pearl Buck has returned to China pure and simple instead of portraying it diluted by Western ideas. "The Mother," like "The Good Earth," is a novel of agricultural life: towns are but a rumour, a legend, to these hard-working tillers of the soil. The only reference to recent developments is the appearance, towards the end, of some Communists, a "new kind of robbers," as they are known to the countryside. Their

[*Continued on page* XII.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

3. Put in a word for an old-fashioned murderer, there 's a good fellow!
9. Don't wash, take it neat, or what? Better say the ship's wish-bone.
10. This may be a feather in your cap, but you can't help showing a great deal of sorrow.
11. Put your foot down and give it a licking.
12. Completely canned. How you feel at the seaside, you know!
13. A nice place, but there 's one cad there, and everybody makes a song about it.
14. "Tax-ee!" This gives you leave to get one.
17. You 'll find more than one in the Codex Sinaiticus, though you may not care one about it.
19. You call me a liar? Be careful, or you 'll need one!
21. Father and mother were quite different, you know. It adds colour to the idea that there 's a C.B. about the County.
23. Dies in agony, but that 's no reason why it should be put on.
24. Who 's going back if Adam isn't? There 's no need to pick holes in this.
26. Put into shape. It 's all muddle and nothing besides.
30. Old-fashioned drawers hardly suitable for short girls.
31. He won't get a prize for this cross-word, anyway.
32. It is utter futility to continue the journey.
33. The girls are a bit late in starting, but aren't they sweet?
34. Note.—Turn it round to turn the milk.

DOWN.

1. One way of cooking trout, but he 'll teach you a lot more.
2. Short and sharp; so leaves room to swing a cat in.
3. Quick! I 'd better have a knock first.
4. These country-folk are honest enough, though they might take a pound for a joke.
5. Take without asking. Rather self-righteous about it, too!
6. Go back and stand another.
7. Bandy words which might make your knees knock with a letter out.
8. Be he alive or be he dead? Cured of squinting, anyway!
13. The Church mice, you see, have got into the vestments.
15. No other clue is needed here, so don't say there 's a dearth.
16. His activities are secret, yet he shakes up the whole of one's frame.
18. What 's 'Arry doin' like that? Oh, nothin' special.
20. Devil take it! Why can't the host keep an easy mind?
22. Here 's a drink for you. 'S what she laid.
25. The Devil! Look at the blister!
27. Remove the fastenings. D—— it, it 's in Scotland!
28. Still burning at the end of three months.
29. Probably the Vicar gave it out. Sounds like him, anyway.

NOTE.—Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters, and clues are not given.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, March 5, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page VIII) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

Quality Tells—
"Ah! there's a distinction about this glorious whisky doubly appreciated when one knows it costs only 12/6"
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
ESTABLISHED 1863
LEITH
Sanderson's
VAT 69
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
Wine and Spirit Dealers, Restaurants and Bars everywhere stock VAT 69, and are proud to sell it.
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

How Things Occur.

Just before the war, when I was about to venture on what proved my first effort in journalism, I asked a great man for advice. How clearly I remember his reply, "Avoid *clichés*." Yet now, close on twenty years later, during the last fourteen of which his warning has always been before me, I am going to disregard it by saying, "It is curious how things happen." No other words will do, for this was the way of it. I had been casting around for points that, as a reader of this page, I might accept with interest, but with so little satisfaction that I had gone for a walk in search of inspiration. Stopping at a bookstall, I knocked over a pile of magazines, and in picking them up, came across the February number of *The American Golfer*, of which Grantland Rice and Bobby Jones are respectively Editor and Associate-Editor. I bought a copy, took it home, and on glancing through it, hey, presto! discovered what then struck me, and will, I hope, strike others also, as matters of golfing moment.

New Conditions for the American Amateur Championship. The first thing I lit on was a description of the new conditions for the American Amateur Championship. This is what I read: "The United States Golf Association has given heed unto the call for a more thorough-going match-play test in handling the play for the Amateur Championship. Aside from the sectional elimination rounds . . . this year's Championship will be entirely a series of match-play struggles. This means that the thirty-six holes of medal play which have taken up Monday and Tuesday of each championship week will be altogether missing." Briefly, this is how the new plan will work. On both Monday and Tuesday there will be one round of eighteen holes. Two rounds of eighteen holes will be decided on both Wednesday and Thursday, leaving Friday—and here comes the only difference from our method—for two semi-final matches of thirty-six holes, with Saturday for the usual two-round final.

Reasons for the Change. I have not space to quote fully from this article, but I commend it warmly to golfers of an enquiring mind, for it states very fairly both sides of a much-debated question. The concluding paragraphs, however, are enlightening and perhaps crystallise the reasons of the United States Golf Association for making the change. This is how they run:

"Regarded from the standpoint of the gallery, the program of eighteen-hole matches is a far more entertaining one. The action is quicker, and the interest is keener, and also, of course, the cast includes a much larger number of actors. Conceivably, the championship is not played for the benefit of the gallery. At the same time, one of the chief purposes of the championship is to stimulate interest in the game, and, whatever adds to the interest in the championship, helps.

"It can hardly be expected that the new plan is going to obviate upsets and surprises. We shall continue to have these. Golf happens to be that kind of a game."

History Repeats Itself. *Facilis descensus Averno*, or, in other words, having perpetrated one *cliché*, another follows. Soon after the war there was a serious agitation in the Middle-West of America to do away with the stymie. So strong was the feeling that the U.S.G.A. asked the Royal and Ancient to draw up a provisional rule for experiment in the United States. This the late John Low did, compelling the player who laid himself the stymie to attempt its negotiation, but giving the man stymied by his opponent, the option of negotiating the obstruction or, having conceded the opponent his previous stroke as holed, of requiring him to remove his ball. This experiment was tried for a period, only to be discarded for a return to the true faith, which synchronised with a fresh agitation in this country to outlaw the stymie for ever. And now a similar condition has arisen, for, just as the United States are turning once again to our methods there, a fresh attempt is being made here to introduce thirty-six-hole matches into our own Amateur Championship.

MISS GEORGIA COLEMAN GILSON, former Women's Olympic Diving Champion (right), has been giving MISS HELEN HICKS, the 1932 American Women's Golf Champion, a few fancy-diving lessons. This is a return compliment, for "Hard-hitting Helen" gave Miss Georgia Gilson some golf instruction before and during the recent annual Miami Biltmore Women's Golf Championship.

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE is enjoying the delights of a summer in South Africa, while we are still rather fog-and-winter-bound in England. He had a game of golf at the Royal Cape Golf Course at Wynberg, Cape Town, soon after his arrival. He played with H.E. the Governor-General, Lord Clarendon.

The Walker Cup Match. These moves are surely of more than passing interest, and in them there seems a moral for us. The Americans, in their keenness and being less trammelled by tradition than ourselves, are prone to experiment with the object, as in the story, of producing "a bigger and better elephant." But they are a logical race, and when they realise that the elephant is well enough as he is, they are quick to acknowledge it. The moral for us is that, in matters of principle, our forbears possessed clearness of vision, and we shall not go far wrong if we continue to look at things through their eyes. There is one other interesting item of American news. Their Walker Cup team intend to play with the ball to which they are accustomed. It is the same weight as our own, but larger. If they carry out their intention, some very interesting data may be forthcoming, and if the Old Course is dry and fast, the extra size may well prove an advantage in the matter of close cuppy lies.

The National Playing Fields Association. I have just had a letter from Miss Cecil Leitch, the Chairman of the Golf Sub-Committee of the Kent branch of the Association, asking me to draw attention to the annual competition to be held in aid of the objects of this admirable institution. I do so with the greatest pleasure, for surely golfers, who enjoy their game over so many open spaces, should do anything they can to help those less fortunately placed. This year the competition—Open Mixed Foursomes against Bogey—under handicap—will be played at the Wildernesse on Saturday, March 24.

THE MODE ALLURING

THERE are, broadly speaking, two types of well-dressed women. Either type finds models in Pesco Scottish Sportswear to suit her style. For the woman who adores the severely plain kind of smartness, there is, for instance, this beautifully cut sports shirt. In piquant contrast, there is this charming jumper to please the other school of feminine thought, which believes that even sportswear needs the softening touch of a bow or a few embroidery stitches.

These and many other new Pesco styles can be viewed at all high-class outfitters. The makers will be pleased to send illustrations of current styles and names of nearest agents on request.

"GRIZEL." *Buttons and bows beautify the "GRIZEL" Jumper and the "LINDSAY" Skirt. Observe the fashionable double-roll collar. The wrap-over Skirt is open from knee to hem, to give freedom for walking. Both Pure Wool. Colours in wide variety.*

"MARGET." *Sports Shirt in fine Pure Wool. In 14 fashionable colours. The skirt is the "DUNDAS," a Pure wool four-piece in natural, brown and grey tweed effects.*

Pesco

SCOTTISH SPORTSWEAR

Also Pesco Underwear, Bathing Suits, and Hosiery, for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

PETER SCOTT & CO., LTD. (DEPT. 29), HAWICK, SCOTLAND

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"CAN'T complain; no. I must admit I have seen Stock Exchange business worse in the past than it 's been during the first two months of this year. Of course, it won't last."

"Spoken like a member of the House! I never knew a broker or a jobber who anticipated better business than he 's doing now."

"That 's silly," said The Jobber. "How about every New Year's Eve? Don't we always wish one another——"

"Not the same thing. New Year's Eve is conventional."

"And convivial. Anyway, the House is moderately busy now: all round the place, moreover. Wonder why it is?"

"Because business throughout the country has improved so considerably."

"You 'd have thought that people were too much occupied with their own affairs for them to take any interest in Stock Exchange markets."

"Men like anything that gives them a change from their own business. They 're doing well just now, and they have money over, which they can invest."

"I want all my capital in my own business, as you put it," remarked The Merchant.

"But you are ready to have a dash if anyone shows you a chance?"

"For instance?"

"What shall I say? Have you any motor shares?"

"I bought Rolls Royce and Austins."

"Well, don't sell them. They 're going better. The companies are extraordinarily busy——"

"That 's due to good Stock Exchange markets. Oh, not entirely, I grant you. We have now a virtuous circle instead of a vicious one."

"I want to see the wheels go wound, daddy," declared The Jobber.

"It 's like this. Trade improves, so people buy shares in the companies that are doing better. Up go the prices of the shares. The company's credit is strengthened, and this enables high-interest debentures to be replaced with securities that cost the company less to finance. *Ergo*, more demand from investors who want a good yield."

"Not far out," nodded The Engineer. "There are a number of other reasons, but you 've said a mouthful for us to go on with."

"And the wheels gather impetus from their own speed. It 's a jolly good index to have the papers doing better."

"You think they are?"

"Didn't you read the Chairman's speech at the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch* meeting? He said——"

"Shop!"

The City Editor took no notice. "He was talking about the company's increased profit for last year, and said that the corner had been turned. He 's perfectly right, you know."

"I 've told you before," declared The Broker expansively, "that you have only to show us in your papers what we 'd like to buy, and we will do our bit to increase trade and employment."

"Tell that to the advertisement department," retorted The City Editor.

"I should like to have asked that Chairman which paper made the larger profit," The Merchant continued. "I guess the *Illustrated London News*. It doesn't have any financial tripe."

The Jobber smote him hard and truly upon the head.

"I 'd rather have one silver print of *The Sketch* than a dozen of your old gold-mines. Stop it, can't you?" and he twisted his newspaper into a defensive brand.

"Shut up, you boys," said The Broker peremptorily. "Gold shares are the stuff for breeches."

The Tenth Annual Dinner of the INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF AUCTIONEERS AND LANDED PROPERTY AGENTS was attended by Fred May. A most successful evening inspired him to make these drawings. The President, MR. LEONARD F. ARNOLD, responded to the toast of the Society; and MR. NORMAN L. BALL, a former President, proposed the toast of the Guests, who numbered among them many distinguished figures from all parts of the country. MAJOR HAMILTON, J.P., MR. P. G. DAVIES, J.P., and MR. HERBERT W. PILKINGTON, J.P., are all former Presidents of the Society.

"It was tin shares the last time you were here."

"Gold and tin."

"And silver?"

"Why leave out lead? Burma Corporations are a first-rate buy."

"It seems to me there are precious few mining shares that haven't quite a good chance."

"Come down to my box in the Strong Room and I 'll introduce you to a few duds."

"The Stock Exchange Managers ought to have a motto over the Strong Room doors to commemorate the tons of German marks and other muck in the boxes down there. I would suggest 'Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.'"

"The Stock Exchange sure does miss some famous opportunities," The Jobber regretted. "You would have supposed that the Committee, men of culture and taste, would have had the walls of the House decorated with quotations from the poets as well as from the Official Lists."

"Why don't Goldfields go better?" asked The Broker. "Now, that 's the sort of thing for you fellows to buy. The company has a finger in the pie of every mining market round the House, and the appreciation of capital must be stupendous."

"Would you rather have Goldfields than Johnnies?"

"You hip me there. Hard to say. It 's like asking whether Southern deferred is a better buy than Brum."

"The Southern Railway has its new system of electrification, its huge new docks, and its very go-ahead management."

"And bull points for Brum. are the trade recovery in the Midlands, the modernisation of the company's methods, and its sound publicity policy."

"The railway and the shipping companies are realising that to attract money they have to spend money. The railway reports that came out this month give plenty of proof in that direction."

"Well, what about Johnnies or Goldfields?"

"Southern or Brum.?"

"Courtaulds or Coats?"

"The devil of it is that they 're all so confoundedly tempting. One wants to buy the lot."

"Don't be extravagant. Stick to Goldfields, as I told you," The Broker counselled. "One day, though, the company will have to cut a melon, and then you will say 'Blesséd be my broker! He wasn't such a fool as he looked!'"

"I wonder."

"The lure of gold dazzles my eyes, and keeps me away from industrials that are sounder and that probably will prove to be the better investments in the end."

"Which end?" asked The Jobber. "I have no sympathy with my executors."

"Yes, and look here: we want income as well, you know. It 's all very fine, talking of speculation and profit and capital appreciation and spending money. But there 's such a thing as investment, and it seems to me harder to find good investments than it is to dodge tips for speculation."

"Much harder," agreed The Broker readily. "The problem is to discover suitable stuff. I can send you lists, dozens of 'em, but you will find the same trouble in every case: high prices and low yields."

"Then what am I to do with my money? You are most unhelpful this morning."

"My dear old fellow, we never knew you had any! Why didn't you tell us this before? Investments? Stores shares—they give you a personal interest in the shops."

"Catering—people must have food," suggested The City Editor; "textiles and artificial silk: what you must look for is something in daily use by millions of people. What 's your fancy in that line, Brokie?"

"Imperial Chemicals and Associated Portland Cement," said The Broker, with lordly disregard either of digestion or appearance.

Friday, Feb. 23, 1934.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

Perfection of line and a wealth of unobtrusive detail gives character to the shoes we shall wear with our new Spring clothes. They are practical, they are flattering, and they combine a host of good ideas.

For instance, the shoe shown on the top step is trimmed at the side with a double-headed steel pin. It is made in brown, black, or blue suède, and has a very moderate heel.

On the third step is a smart walking shoe in brown or black, with a leather heel. On the fourth, a stone, beige, brown or blue kid instep tie shoe with inset and heels of lizard, and a pair of exclusive tie shoes, beautifully balanced, in brown, grey, beige or white kid.

These all come from Abbotts, of 324, Oxford Street, W., where the glacé and suède Court shoes piped with beige, and the wide strapped black glacé and suède walking shoes were also photographed. These are made in brown and white and other colour combinations.

BLACK TAFFETA WITH A SHALLOW CROWN AND A GAY EMBROIDERED RIBBON

Worn almost straight, with a brim that dips at the front and back, this black taffeta hat from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W., is trimmed with a band embroidered with green leaves on which are posed small scarlet poppies.

GUTMANN

Here is another hat which appears to be precariously perched upon the head, although in point of fact it is quite comfortable to wear. Made in bottle-green pedal straw, it has a flame-coloured velvet band which goes across the back of the hair and prevents it from slipping too far forward, a bow of the same gay colour accenting this tilted line. This model comes from Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge.

A COLLECTION OF FASHION NEWS FROM HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

Lingerie touches are going to be tremendously important on simple short-sleeved silk dresses. If you like them but feel disinclined to cope with all the bother they cause, wear a white piqué belt or a narrow organdie sash with matching gloves. It is being done by one of our leading designers, and it saves lots of sewing, besides keeping clean longer.

If you are growing rather tired of wearing a bandeau in your hair, try sweeping it (the hair, I mean!) right round your head and curling the ends in a cluster behind the right ear, fixing them in place with a crescent-shaped diamond brooch.

Low-necked evening dresses—which have definitely come back again—are bringing a flood of necklaces, especially wide flat ones in beaten gold or copper, much wider at the front than at the back. These are worn with massive square ear-rings of the same metal.

Nun-like collars of white linen, and transparent cellophane belts fastened with glass hooks: bracelets in the same material as the dress they accompany: curved diamond clips worn in pairs: and glass buttons patterned with coloured flowers are points of interest in a mode that emphasises accessories.

Pockets—mostly of the Norfolk persuasion—have sprung into prominence. They are also used high on the front of the hips to emphasise the waist-line, and are brought to mind by the looped draperies at the back of some evening dresses—though these serve no utilitarian purpose.

Blouses of candy striped net, intricately shirred, and very revealing, are designed to accompany severely tailored suits. The front is pouched, the fullness being thrown forward by slanting pleats, and the sleeves are childish in their simplicity.

Stockings grow lighter in colour, and there is a demand for warm, flesh tones. These only look well when they are excessively fine—so a period of extravagance lies ahead!

Specially noted...

A weekly feature of outstanding interest in our Diary of Fashion

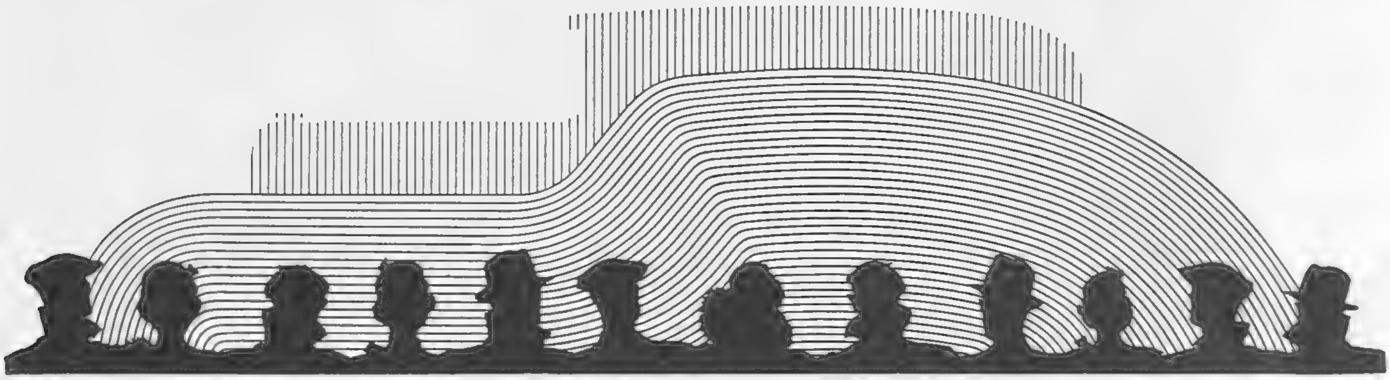
SCAIONI

This admirably tailored dressing gown in heavy marocain, because it is warm, light, easy to pack, and an excellent travelling companion. What is more, it costs only 45s. at Harvey Nichols, which in itself is enough to make it exciting. Patterned in white, with a plain roll collar, it is made in burgundy, scarlet, bottle green, nigger, royal or navy blue, and the cravat is attached at the back of the neck.

These fascinating pure silk crêpe-de-Chine pyjamas, because they look like a bunch of tulips and will stand up to washing—not in dew, either!—just as happily. Those worn by the seated lady are trimmed with little frills and a large bow, while the others have a simple but very becoming fichu. They have an almost invisible stripe, are very young and gay, and are made in green, blue, mauve and gold, at Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge.

PLEASE, ALL OF YOU

alter your ideas of how a motor car should look



AERO-LINE DESIGN WILL REVOLUTIONISE CAR PERFORMANCE

Pre-selectagear

is a form of transmission exclusive to Riley Cars, and is a combination of an automatic clutch and a pre-selective four-speed epicyclic gear-box. No other form of transmission offers so many advantages or is so acceptable to both novice or expert.

Forget that the first motor car was ever a "horseless carriage." Think on the other hand of a new, specialised, homogeneous design; modern from tyre tread to tail; built to ride in the teeth of the wind; planned on true aero-dynamic principles—a car that every designer has idealised on paper, but which no manufacturer has ever put into regular production until NOW!

The Riley Kestrel sets a new fashion, alters the shape of the motor car once and for all. Its low build, aero-lines, inter-axle seating and pre-selectagear transmission make it above all others the car to buy NOW, because it is the only car of its type you CAN buy now.

The 9 h.p. Kestrel from £325. The 12 h.p. Kestrel from £358. The 14 h.p. Kestrel from £385. A ten-model range. Triplex Glass and Dunlop Tyres standard. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry, and 42 North Audley Street, London, W.1.

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY Riley AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

KESTREL

First British *aero-lined* car in regular production

A new version of the

BRETON

and a novelty—Alpagar de Paille

by Debenhams

Spring Millinery Styles

(Above)
The Breton in a new guise. Made in hand-woven straw, in navy, nigger, red.
49/6

Alpagar de Paille combined with taffetas, smartly brimmed. In black, navy and light blue/navy, nigger/beige, red white / navy and natural / brown.
55/9

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, W.1 *(Debenhams Ltd.)*

BON TON

FOUNDATION GARMENTS IN

" TU - WAY "

Fulfil Fashion's Demand for Slender Gracefulness.

BON TON CORSELETTE of "TU-WAY." Finely knitted from "Lastex" yarn. Uplift bust of dainty lace. Cut low at back. "IMP NINETY" Sizes 34-38 (even) - - - - - 63/-

BON TON exclusive "TU-WAY" Girdles and Corselettes are inconceivably light, yet firm in their control. They will mould your figure into one continuous curve of Beauty, yield with every movement of the body, fit like a glove and will not "ride-up" . . . Launder perfectly without losing their shape . . . Dainty and alluring . . . *A Revelation in Comfort!*

Obtainable at the best stores. Illustrated fashion booklet and name of nearest retailer will be sent on request.

WORCESTER CORSETRY, LTD. (Wholesale only), 100 REGENT ST., W.1

A WOMAN'S position depends on her distinction, whilst her taste is judged by the clothes she wears. The reputation of Marshall & Snelgrove has ever been founded on these two qualities . . . . taste and distinction.

'Mary Gary'

LADIES' SHIRTS
Tailored by Marshall's
IN NEW SPRING STYLES

THE Ladies' Shirt Department at Marshall's offers the most exclusive and individual creations at extremely moderate prices, ranging from 21/9. Every model they produce is suitable wear for a gentlewoman.

THE Spring collection is now being shown, and a visit of inspection will be time most pleasurably spent.

'Elizabeth Wren'

'Nolan Pann'

'Elizabeth Wren'
A new tailored Blouse that makes one instinctively think of the brighter days to come. Made in Marshall's washing silk shirting in many charming colours. Priced at 39/6
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Sent on Approval.

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Our Blouse designer has excelled in the creation of this model. The material chosen is an exclusive multi-coloured crêpe-de-Chine. The Blouse is cut with a boat-shaped neck, fastening on the shoulders. In many delightful colours. 59/6
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LOOK at her lips. Lovely, aren't they? But they used to be conspicuous with paint. So much so, that men labelled her unattractive. Yet once she adopted this new kind of lipstick, her lips became her most charming feature. For Tangee Lipstick gives your lips natural-looking colour . . . without a trace of paint! And it keeps your lips satin-smooth.

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Tangee actually changes to the colour hidden in your own lips. In the stick, Tangee is orange. But on your lips, it's *your* shade of rose! You'll have to try Tangee to see that this is true.

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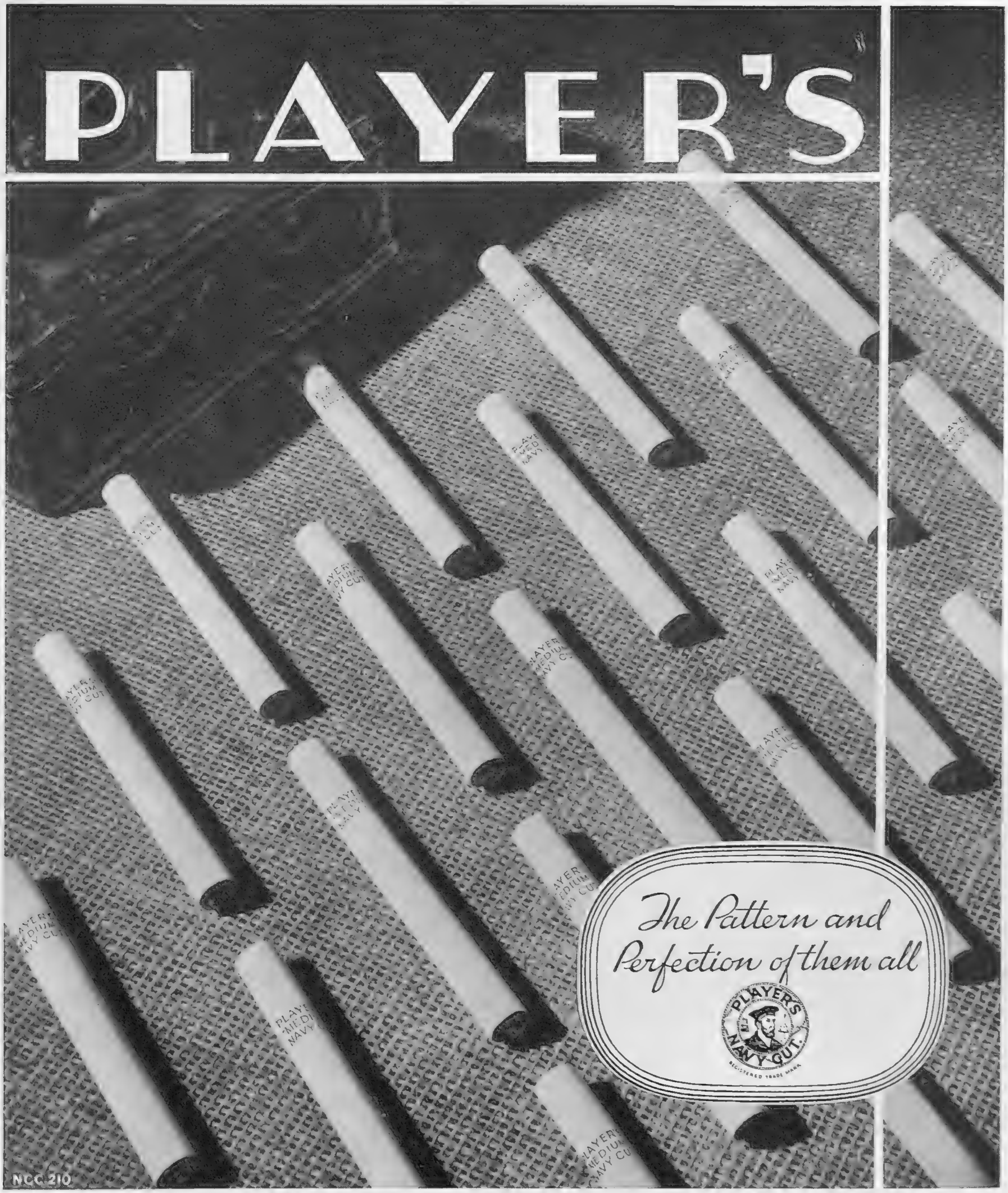

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(See Page 392.) 28/2/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DXLIV.

THE MOST STUPID CONTRACT BIDS.

I HAVE expressed my opinion often enough in these notes about the original bid of two—at auction it is definitely the worst opening; at contract, it is all but! I say "all but" because the contract-player is so terrified of incurring a penalty that when he does open with a two-bid he generally holds enough to get near his contract on his own. On the other hand, at contract the opening bidder's partner must try hard to push the bid, and this, as often as not, puts him to a guessing competition; so, all things considered, perhaps the original two-opening is as bad at contract as at auction.

If you will tuck away these two golden rules for the bidding in your bridge-memories, and act up to them, you will avoid making stupid bids, and consequently find the game a more agreeable affair all round:

(*a*) You will always arrive at as good a result from an opening bid of one as from an opening bid of two!

(*b*) When the bidding has been opened against you, your side will not reach game once in ten times, and if you are trying to reach it in a minor suit, not once in twenty times!

It is on the second of these golden rules that I have something to say. The score is love-all; A is dealer; the game score is immaterial. In order of demerit, I consider the following the most stupid contract bids—

(1) A, one spade, heart, or n.t.; Y, two diamonds; B, no bid; Z, three diamonds! This is definitely the worst bid at contract. Suppose A passes; then Z has put his side into the position of laying odds (probably long odds) on picking up an extra 20 points *which is of no use if made*! I would forgive Z, if he fancies that this is the twentieth case (see G.R. (*b*) above), for bidding five diamonds and having a good gamble for game. But the raise to three is frankly absurd. I have known the most devastating doubles to follow this type of bid.

(2) A, one diamond; Y, no bid; B, two diamonds; Z, two spades, hearts, or no-trumps; A, no bid!; Y, no bid; B, three diamonds!

This is a terrible bid by B! A, whose business it is to take charge of the bidding, has passed Z's defensive bid; what right has B to butt in? A, by passing, has told him that game prospects are all up; so, by bidding, B again has put his side in the position of laying odds (short this time) on picking up a useless 20 points! Here, too, I would forgive B for bidding five diamonds: but three, never. His only excuse is to stop YZ picking up a partial score; but, as A has said he is satisfied on that point, B should be satisfied too, more especially when he has already told his partner by his diamond raise that he can support.

Golden rule (*c*). Never tell your story twice over. Make your second story a second suit or a game bid!

(3) A, one no-trump; Y, no bid; B, three no-trumps! This is a bad bid. If B can jump to three no-trumps, he must have a suit to show. Even if he can't show a suit, two no-trumps is better than three. A, for the final contract, may prefer a suit; give him the chance of showing it at a low level. Jump bids in no-trumps close the bidding at what is perhaps the worst playing proposition between the two hands. Keep the bidding low, unless you are out for slams—then bid four no-trumps, but three is stupid.

(4) Denying partner's suit! There is no such thing. Whoever put over the notion that, because you do not immediately support partner's suit, you must be denying it, should be locked up. When you support partner's bid, you tell him nothing—at least, very little. Partner would much prefer you to tell him definitely what you have got, and then to support his suit later on. Thus you hold spades, K, x, x and clubs, A, Q, x, x, x. A, one spade; Y, no bid; You, two clubs!; Z, no bid. A, two diamonds; You, two spades—and you have told your story. Information is what is needed at bridge—let that information be illuminating.

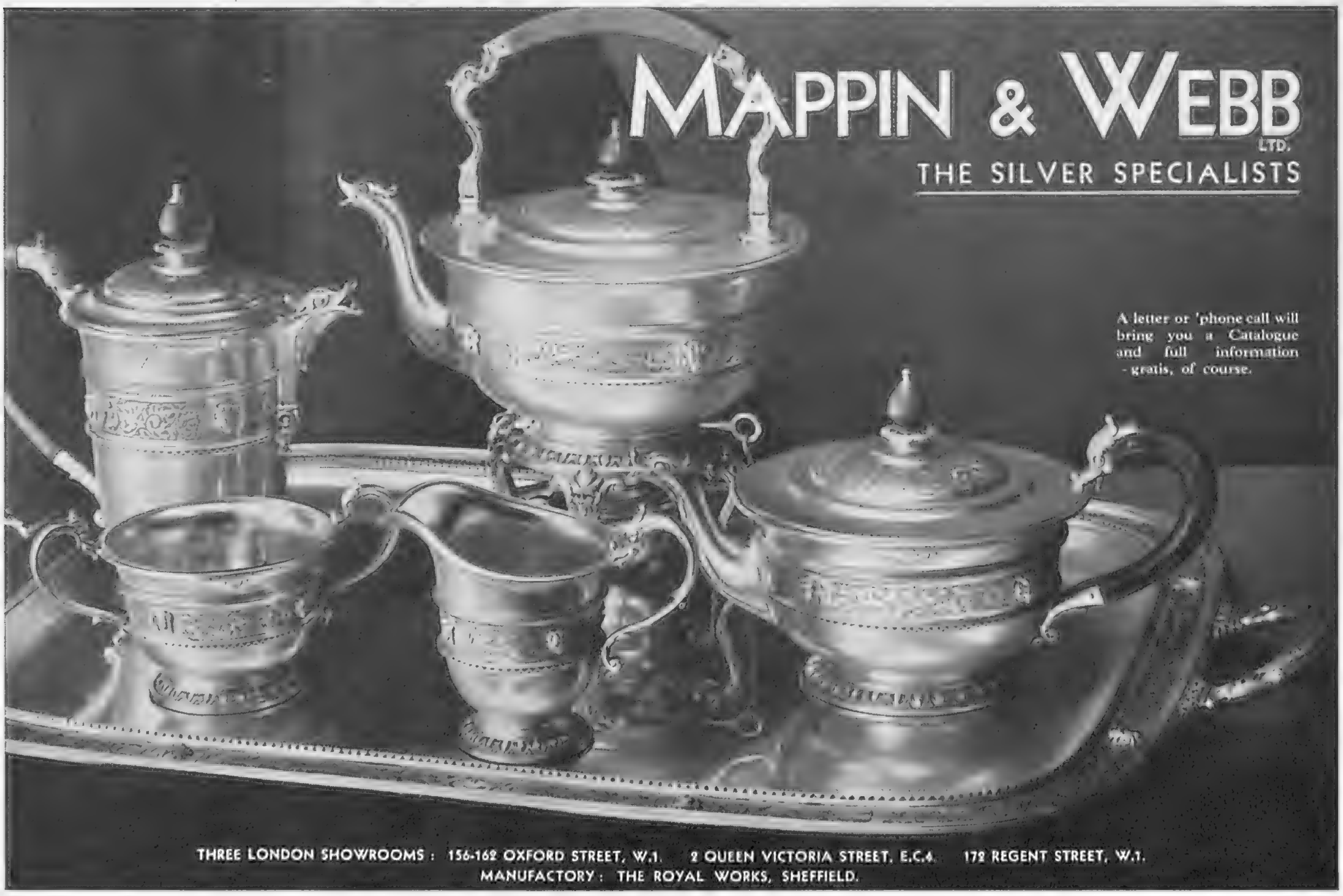
SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, FEBRUARY 21.

ACROSS.—1. Abyss. 11. Pooh-pooh. 12. Appal. 13. Piano. 14. Increase. 15. Deadlock. 16. Leaky. 17. Base-born. 21. Stile. 23. Prose. 24. Eggshell. 25. Yeast. 27. Keystone. 31. Orthodox. 32. Aches. 33. Table. 34. Eleventh. 35. Erase.

DOWN.—2. Bogie. 3. Shindies. 4. Spool. 5. Toxic. 6. Thinking. 7. Hairless. 8. Spree. 9. Catskill. 10. Alley. 18. Arterial. 19. Bestowed. 20. Reckoner. 22. Thatcher. 25. Youth. 26. Shelf. 28. Exult. 29. Salve. 30. Nests.

MRS. JENNIE DELAHUNTY, 55, Goulden Road, Withington, Manchester, is the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle in our issue of Feb. 14 to be first opened on Monday morning, Feb. 19. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

The annual "Illustrated Newspapers" Staff Dance on Friday, Feb. 16, was a most successful affair. It was held at the Royal Hotel, Russell Square, and a first-class Cabaret entertainment was provided by Gaston and Andrée, the physical culture experts; the Four Cristianis, musical and acrobatic clowns; and Stanielli and Edgar, well known to listeners-in, who all generously gave their services. Mr. Stais, the manager of the hotel, did everything possible to make the evening the big success that it was.



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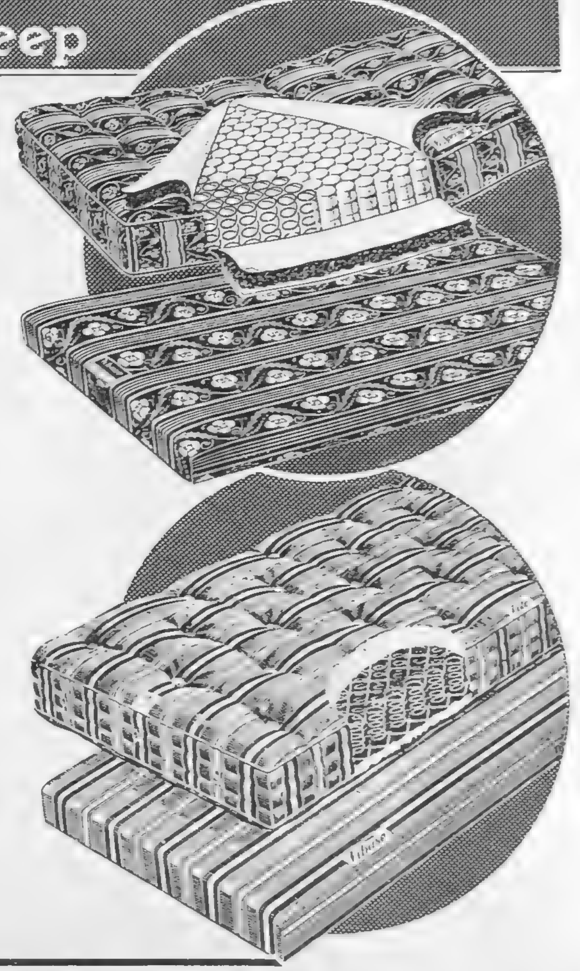

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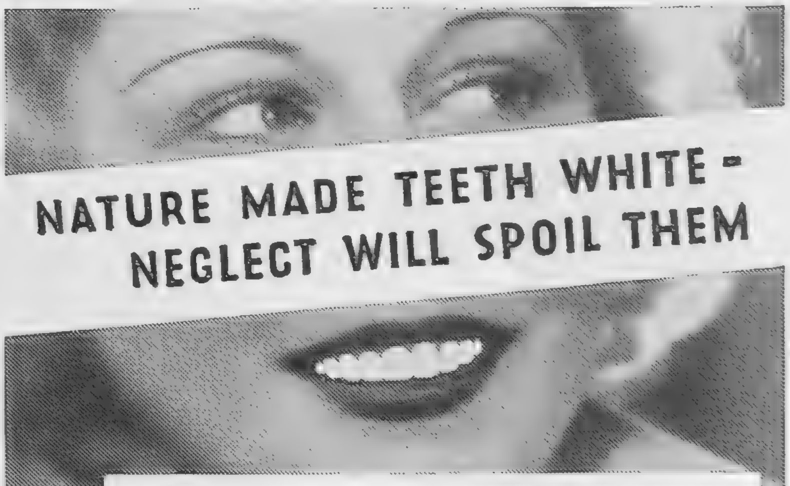

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MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

SPEED WITH SAFETY: THE "CONTINENTAL" ROLLS-ROYCE.

IT sometimes takes years for all our ambitions to be fulfilled. For instance, I have an irresistible longing to cross the Sahara. There 's nothing original about this, any more than there is about going to New York; but it 's just a journey I feel I *must* make. In the realm of motoring, I aspire to own certain cars, though nothing short of winning the Irish Sweep is likely to permit me to realise all my wishes. Since I first started to drive I have wanted to own a Rolls-Royce. This may sound naïve to those who have only to step into a motor show-room and order one, but it is nevertheless true. And, what is more, I remember every mile that I have ever driven in these wonderful cars. That day, long ago, when I sat perched for the first time on the high seat of the old "Silver Ghost," and felt the car surge forward, in utter silence, as I touched the accelerator. . . . The reverence with which I punctiliously put the throttle and spark levers in the traditional Rolls-Royce position before switching off the engine. . . . The intricacies of the gear-change with those mysterious little catches in the "gate." . . . Such memories have an indescribable quality about them, so that one feels, somehow, a shyness in putting them on paper, as one would in writing of the rapture of one's first love.

Since the days of the Rolls-Royce "Silver Ghost," others have come and gone—the "Twenty," the "Phantom," the "Twenty-Five," and then the "Phantom II." I remember every drive I have had in each of these models. All these recollections are a little dimmed, however, by the impressions I formed the other day of the latest "Phantom II." Continental touring saloon. The morning mist lay grey in the valley as it came to my door, a big car, so finely proportioned that one appreciated the majesty of its appearance without realising its size. And as I tucked myself in behind the low-set steering-wheel, heading westward in the shy February sunshine, I lost the feeling that I was handling a large car, knowing only that, for all its length and breadth and weight, it was incredibly light and easy to control, and, above all, *safe*.

I want to stress this quality of safety, for it is fundamental. Without it, all the power of the 40-50-h.p. engine under the long bonnet would be of little value. Instead of being an obedient servant it would be an unruly monster. As it is, so perfect is the road-holding, so accurate the steering, and so powerful the brakes, that one can use every ounce of power that the motor will give, rushing at 95 m.p.h. along great international roads or swinging the car, one-handed, round the tricky turns of an Alpine pass. There are just a few cars, a very few, at the wheel of which one feels instantly "at home." It is an infallible sign of "breeding" in a motor-car. The Continental "Phantom II." needs no "getting used to": from the outset one instinctively feels that all its controls operate just as they should, and that no situation can arise in which one has the slightest doubt of one's ability to cope with it.

Now as to performance. On the average country road the car cruises effortlessly at 65 m.p.h. It feels like 30 m.p.h. does in most cars. It accelerates like a flash to 80 m.p.h. or more, and on the long, undulating roads across Salisbury Plain I reached 93 m.p.h. quite easily, and the car was still accelerating when I had to "cut" for a hump-backed bridge. At all speeds I could sit back in supreme comfort, never consciously "driving" at any time. The brakes are very light to apply, extremely powerful, and, I think, the smoothest I have ever come across. With such brakes to rely on, speeds of 80 m.p.h. or more on suitable roads are not only possible, but safe.

It is on winding roads that the Continental touring saloon shows up best, for, if in the mood, one can literally fling it round corners with never a qualm. One forgets the twelve-foot wheelbase, the eight-litre engine, and the two-and-a-half tons of comfortable carriage in which one is seated, and is only conscious of the verve of a sports car, the fine, sensitive control, and the amazing lightness of steering and brakes. Yet, in the noise and bustle of city traffic, the self-same car that does its 95 m.p.h. so easily will crawl at 3 m.p.h. on top, accelerating away from such a snail's pace without a tremor.

The gear-box, with silent synchromesh easy-changing in third and top, can be used to get superlative acceleration and hill-climbing. 75 m.p.h. on third gear is easily reached. But, unless one wishes to do so, there is no need to change down at all. The big and flexible engine is able to deal, in silence, with any situation. Springing is of paramount importance on such a car, where one wants luxurious riding from 1 m.p.h. to 100 m.p.h. The Rolls-Royce concern take care of this by providing shock-absorbers adjustable from the dash. I tested the springing over some little-used military roads, in a deplorable state of repair, across Salisbury Plain. At forty or fifty miles an hour the roughest track seemed like a billiard-table, yet there was no rolling on corners nor any of the disadvantages of "cushy" springing.

In these days of cut prices and keen competition, people are apt to lose sight of the fact that "quality counts," and that it pays, first, last, and all the time, to get the best that money can buy. The Rolls-Royce is a high-priced car—the model under review costs £2425 complete—because it represents the peak of perfection in automobile design, craftsmanship, and enduring reliability. But it is not an expensive article, for its price is honestly based on the material and workmanship put into it. The purchaser draws his dividend in never-failing service over tens of thousands of miles.

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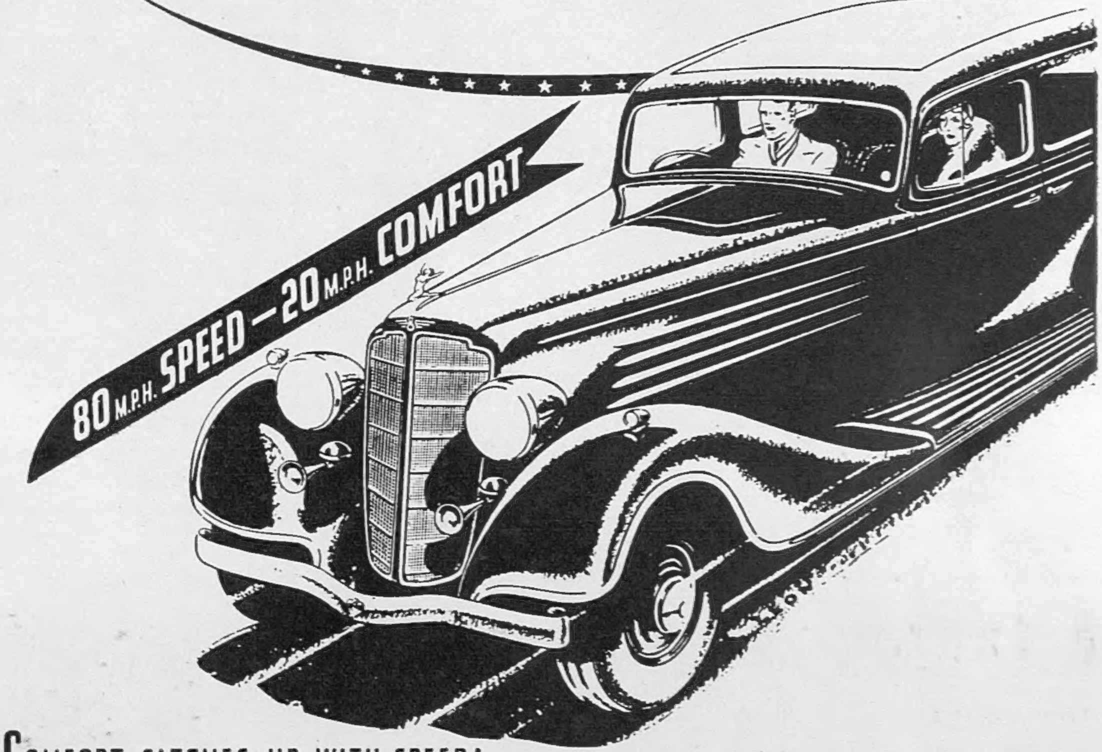

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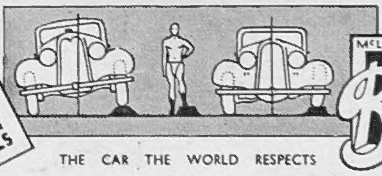
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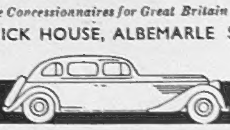

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.—(Continued from Page 392.)

entry is not a happy one. Chained together, they emerge from prison on their way to execution; and among them is the mother's younger and favourite son. For a long time she had wondered where he got his money from: now she knew.

It was the last blow in a series of stunning calamities. As a young woman she had quarrelled with her husband over his extravagance in buying a sky-blue robe, and he left her with her children, never to return. Manfully she carried on the work of the farm alone. By writing, or causing to be written, letters purporting to come from her husband, she persuaded her neighbours that he was still alive and interested in her, and thus continued to enjoy the esteem which would not have been accorded to a forsaken wife. Later, when widowhood would have been useful she received the news (also unfounded) that he was dead; but the agent, whose mistress she was and whom she hoped to marry, threw her over. Procuring an abortion permanently weakened her constitution. Her elder son married a girl even less amiable than himself. Her daughter went blind, was given in marriage to a half-wit, and may or may not have died a natural death. Her younger son's execution was the bitterest blow; yet such was the recuperative power of her nature that the one happy event of the book—the birth of a grandson—is enough to restore her to comparative contentment.

"The Mother" is not, it will be gathered, a cheerful story, but it suggests such strength in the fibre of human nature, such indomitable resistance to misfortune, that it is not ultimately depressing. There is no need, at this time of day, to praise Mrs. Buck's marvellous portrayal of the Chinese people and the Chinese scene, and her style, if sometimes a little over-Biblical, is wonderfully well suited to its subject.

"Murder on the Orient Express."

In "Murder on the Orient Express" we meet again the invincible Poirot, and a host of other entertaining characters. Indeed, the people are the best part of the book—the plot the weakest. How Poirot arrives at a solution of the mystery is not altogether satisfactorily explained. He himself observes that the thing is impossible; yet Miss Christie expects us to believe it. Some of the clues are up to even her standard, and the puzzle is ingeniously worked out; but the incredibly complex plot makes one sigh for the splendid simplicity of "The Mysterious Affair at Styles."

BOOKS REVIEWED.

It's a Battlefield. By Graham Greene. (*Heinemann 7s. 6d.*)
The Mother. By Pearl S. Buck. (*Methuen; 7s. 6d.*)
Murder on the Orient Express. By Agatha Christie. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Cedric Hardwicke, Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.

"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Haymarket.) 8.30.—Thriller. Robert Douglas.

"RICHARD OF BORDEAUX" (New). 8.15.—Historical play. John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies.

"THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—Clifford Bax's Tudor play. Gyles Isham as Henry VIII.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40.—Satirical comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30. —Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.

"AFTERWARDS" (Whitehall). 8.30.—Walter Hackett's farce. Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, Gordon Harker.

"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30. —By Robert E. Sherwood; with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

"NICE GOINGS ON" (Strand). 8.30. —Leslie Hensonic farce with music.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30. —Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—James Bridie's clever play of heredity. Brilliant acting.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" (His Majesty's). 8.30.—Printemps and Noel—a sparkling combination in Regency Brighton.

"YOURS SINCERELY" (Daly's). 8.15. —A revue with some wit and some dancing. Louise Browne, Billy Caryll.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—Leslie Banks as the hero of some exciting incidents.

"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Hippodrome). 8.30.—Musical comedy with Dandy Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, *et al.*

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"LIEBELEI" (Academy Cinema).—A fine screen version of Schnitzler's famous play.

"CATHERINE THE GREAT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., in a spectacular slice of Russian history.

"QUEEN CHRISTINA" (Empire).—A rousing historical romance, starring Greta Garbo.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"DUCK SOUP" (Carlton).—The Four Marx Brothers.

"THE KENNEL MURDER CASE" (Regal).—William Powell as the "pyschological" detective.

"EVER IN MY HEART" (Regal).—Barbara Stanwyck and Otto Kruger in a drama of love and war.

"JACK AHOY!" (Tivoli).—Hulbert, A.B., on active service.

"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE" (Plaza).—The eternal triangle against jungle settings, with Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall.

"AS HUSBANDS GO" (Capitol).—"Wordy" domestic comedy, starring Warner Baxter.

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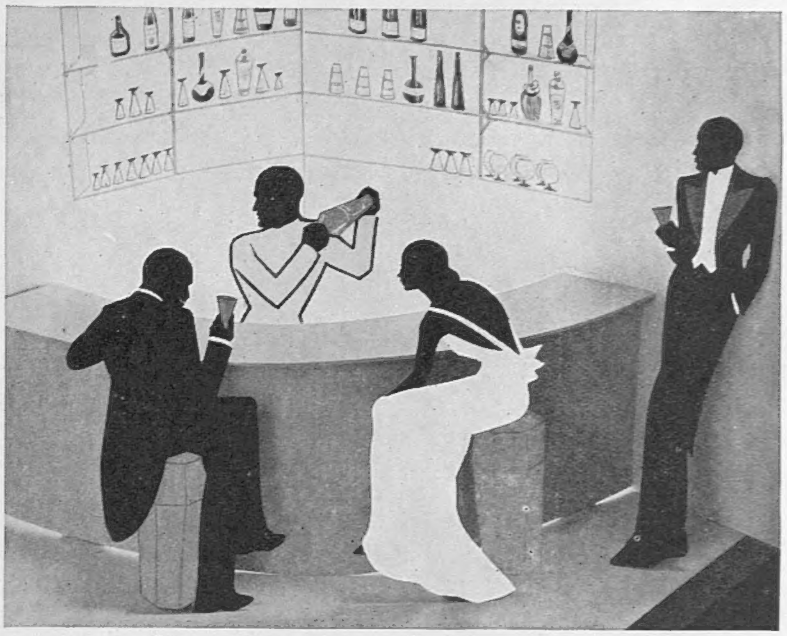

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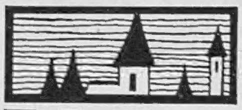

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"The TAUNTERS"

By LOUIS KAYE

It was a Grim Fight—the Women nearly won!

"They came through the stunted, parched mulga, and stopped where the dusty pad led to a waterhole among a growth of coolibahs.

Floyd halted his captives and dismounted. He left the blacks standing, while he unpacked the packcamels and hobbled them; then he started to unsaddle his riding camel, but looked at the blacks and changed his mind—last time he had unsaddled before securing the prisoners they had led him a chase through half a mile of mulga scrub, driving the hobbled camels before them with yells, and yielding to recapture only when his bullets whistled successively closer to their fugitive bodies. Now they watched him with sullen eyes as he stepped toward them.

'Shift overnear that tree,' he ordered. And when they sulkily obeyed: 'Sit down,' he said.

The four, all linked together by the light chain that handcuffed each right wrist, squatted down in the dust, and Floyd took another length of chain, passed it through a ring and then around the tree, and padlocked the two ends together. He put the key in his pocket, and, taking up a waterbag from the pack dump, went down to the waterhole and filled it, bringing it back in a moment and leaving it with the blacks. One drank, and passed the bag on till they had all drunk, and then left it in the dust and resumed their immobile attitude, squatted on their heels, like ebon replicas of each other.

Floyd had arrested them for cattle stealing, after tracking them beyond the headreaches of the Oakover out into the desert by the Paterson Ranges. Anyway, his black-tracker had tracked them. . . ."

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